Minnesota Stories

MINNESOTA STORIES

A Collection of

TWENTY STORIES OF COLLEGE LIFE

Collected and arranged by CHARLES F. McCLUMPHA, Ph. D., Professor of English in the University of Minnesota, and W. I. THOMAS, Instructor in Rhetoric in the University of Minnesota

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A COLLEGE PLAY

A COLLEGE PLAY

Louis Wentworth, mindful of campus rules, put his pipe out as he came through the memorial gate and dropped it into his pocket. He was a well-built young man, not conspicuously good-looking, but with an air of keen strength that made observant people notice him. Just now he was absorbed in thought, occasioned by the letter which reposed in his overcoat pocket and likewise filled his mind,—not quite filled it, for there was room left for the vision of a graceful girl with beautiful, dark eyes and a charming smile, radiant like a beam of human sunshine. He came up the walk to the old main, hurrying to get out of the chill river-wind, and, as he passed through the basement hall into the post-office, caught sight of the very lady of his dreams, sticking a note into some favored student's box.

"Why, Eleanor, I'm surprised at you," he cried, going up to her and looking much pleased. "I thought you were always on time and here it is ten minutes after the hour."

"O, I take liberties with Dr. Phillips. He's such a dear, he doesn't care whether we're late or not. By the way, I wanted to see you."

"How nice!"

"It was only to remind you of the rehearsal this afternoon. Mr. Howard commissioned me to see that you got there on time. We are to report at two, you know."

"I'll have to cut some classes," he said ruefully.

"Of course you will, but it's the last time. We can turn over a new leaf after the play."

"I'm sadly in need of one," and he shrugged his shoulders expressively. "But, look here, I'll be sure to be on time this afternoon if you'll let me call for you and take you over. Will you?"

"I'm sorry, but I told Harry Winthrop I'd go with him. Now you look so cross I'm going to run away," she added laughingly. "Goodbye."

As she passed out of the door a man entered from the opposite side, lifting his hat to her.

"Thank you, Miss Douglas."

If he had been a stranger, Wentworth would have wondered at his rich, soft voice, his eager, earnest eyes, and his snow-white hair, looking like a saint's halo above the young face, for Morris Hale was less than thirty-five. But as it was, he only saw that the familiar figure was more gaunt and stooped than ever, the pale face paler, and the winning smile tragic with suffering. Ever since Louis Wentworth had known the man he had been fighting death with brave good cheer on his lips and in his heart, but that day he knew as he looked at him that the struggle was over.

"Morris," he cried reproachfully, "why are you here? I thought you were in bed."

"So I was, but I got tired of staying there. Don't scold me. The doctor does enough of that. Come over to my office and talk to me."

When they were comfortably settled in Hale's office, the professor in the big chair by the desk

and the student on the seminar table, the former said:

"You've got something on your mind, Louis. What is it?"

"I've got several things on my mind," he answered, "but you're what sits heaviest on it."

"Dear boy," said the elder man gently, "don't worry about me; what's the use?"

"But you don't look fit to be up. I'm afraid—" he hesitated.

"You're afraid I'm dying? So I am," said Hale, with a look of entreaty in his eyes. "What of that? Must I be doomed to tombstone conversation already? Be merciful to me, dear boy, and don't talk about me; tell me about yourself."

There was a short silence, while Wentworth got control of himself; then he remarked with great appearance of composure:

"I've got a letter from Jones."

"Would you mind telling me which Jones?"

"Aldworth Jones of Grayson's Weekly."

"Aldworth Jones. That's interesting. May I see it?"

Wentworth handed him the letter and he read it hurriedly.

"Louis," he cried, "that's simply great. You'll take the job of course?"

"I haven't decided," replied the other, doubtfully.

"Haven't decided?" in a tone of astonishment. "Why you couldn't ask for a better offer. What's the matter?"

Louis looked up at his friend in a shy sort of way and said:

"I'm in love."

Hale started.

"In love?"

"Yes, and if she'll have me, I'll take the job and settle down; but if she won't, I'm going to start a-wandering."

"Do you think she cares for you?" Hale's voice sounded very strange in his own ears, but Wentworth did not notice it.

"I don't know," he said gloomily. "She does n't seem to treat me any differently from the other fellows."

"I think I know who she is, but tell me so I can be sure."

"Eleanor Douglas."

Hale closed his eyes. He saw her behind their lids, just as he had seen her that morning; to him she stood for "the two noblest of things—sweetness and light;" she did treat him differently from other fellows, but he read in her gracious, friendly ways only respect and sympathy, not love. He went over to Louis and laid his hands tenderly on his friend's shoulders.

"Dear boy," he said, his voice trembling, "I hope she loves you. Her love would be worth more than crowns and kingdoms,—or life itself, or life itself."

Wentworth's eyes shone, but he could make no answer.

"Now be off with you, I've got some work to do," and he pulled the young man off the table and motioned him to the door. When Hale was alone, he dropped wearily into his chair and sat there with his eyes closed until the bell rang for class half an hour later.

II.

Louis Wentworth and Eleanor Douglas were in the Dramatic Club play, Pinero's "Sweet Lavender." Eleanor was "Sweet Lavender," herself, and Louis was that dear, tender-hearted old tippler, "Dick Fennel." Mr. Howard, the director, had considerable trouble with "Dick," for that person did not know how to take orders, and had serious objections to acting the part in any but his own way. Indeed, at the dress rehearsal the very day before the play, the leading man's wrong-headedness and sharp retorts when he was called down, almost made the long-suffering director repent his having kept him. If he had known the distracted state of that leading man's brain, how anxiety for Morris Hale, and love for Eleanor Douglas, and jealousy of Harry Winthrop occupied it by turns, he would have judged him less hardly, for he was half in love with Eleanor himself.

The play was to be given twice in the after-

noon and evening of Saturday, March seventh, at the Metropolitan Theater. The players were ordered to report at the theater at one o'clock, but only Mr. Howard and Eleanor were on time. She spent a very pleasant half-hour before anyone else arrived, exploring the mysterious, disillusioned world behind the scenes and asking all sorts of questions about stage life and stage people. She was always interested in everything and everybody, which was one of the things that made her so charming.

Eventually, the others came, Louis being the last. He brought Morris Hale with him and when they arrived the director informed him, curtly, that all the rest were dressed and most of them made up. Louis hurried to his room—"number eight, two flights up, on the left"—and got into his clothes while Hale, after a few words with Mr. Howard, who was an old friend of his, went below-stairs to see the actors. He was faculty advisor to the club and, being a great favorite, was assailed with a chorus of greetings as soon

as he emerged into the long, low room beneath the stage where the players were congregated.

"Have you been out in front?"

"Is the house good?"

"Harry hasn't got the right kind of a mustache. We don't, any of us, like it."

Clement Hale's young enough not to have a mustache. Can't I do without it?"

"Have you brought Louis?" This from Eleanor.

"My dear people, you'll drive me crazy," cried Hale, waving them away. "Yes, to all your questions; I've been out in front, and you've got a good house, and Winthrop may take off his mustache for it's perfectly hideous, and I've brought Louis. Anything more?"

"Where is he?" asked Eleanor.

"He's in his room dressing," and Hale looked down at her with an eager scrutiny. "They've spoiled you with all that make-up, Miss Douglas, still you'll look all right when—"

Here the make-up man appealed to him for advice and he was obliged to stop short.

A minute later, Wentworth, fully dressed, descended the stairs like a whirlwind. He was the last to be got ready and, notwithstanding all Mr. Howard's fears, the curtain was rung up at half-past two, sharp. The performance went off perfectly. "Dick Fennel" did himself proud, "Sweet Lavender" bewitched everyone in the audience, while Harry Winthrop, quite like his natural self without that ugly mustache, looked so handsome and made love in so devoted a manner, that the matinee-girls were completely conquered and Louis Wentworth gnashed his teeth in the wings, raging with jealousy.

III.

Eleanor delighted Wentworth's heart by going to supper with him and behaving like an angel during the whole meal. Afterwards, he took her back to the theater, and, finding Morris Hale there, left her with him, explaining that he had to go to the station to meet his mother, who

was coming down from home to see the play. Hale's heart beat high at the thought of having her to himself so long, nor was she at all displeased, for the brilliant, kindly professor stood high in her favor. He found her a comfortable seat in one of the boxes and sat down beside her, settling himself with a sigh of content. She thought he looked beautiful in the dim light, with his wonderful eyes, shining down on her; the dark kept one from seeing how ill he was. And she had never heard him talk as he talked that night; indeed few people had. He poured himself out to her, a golden stream of richness and sweetness, that made her think of the Bible prophecy, "from within him shall flow rivers of living water." How long they sat there neither could have told, but after some time there came a pause. He had been talking of death, very gently and quietly, without any reference to himself, but she felt his nearness to the Great Mystery and a sense of awe kept her silent when he had ended. He looked around and discovered with surprise that they were ap-

parently alone in the theater. Most of the people had waited until now to go out to supper and the rest were down-stairs or in their dressing rooms. A sudden resolve quickened his breath and flushed his face as he leaned towards her.

"Miss Eleanor," he said, almost in a whisper, "I am a dying man. May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, Dr. Hale," she answered, trembling, though she did not quite know what was coming.

"Louis Wentworth is my dearest friend; he hold me yesterday that he loved you, and I know he is loveworthy. Do you love him too?"

She hesitated. He had risen and was standing behind his chair, gripping the back of it with his long, white fingers and looking away from her into the darkness of the great, empty room. She rose, too.

"Yes, I do," she said simply, holding out her hand to him. But he did not take it.

"Then since you have told me that," the words came one by one, as if spoken with great effort, "since you have told me that, I can—ask you—if I may—if I may—just once—kiss you."

Then she understood, and with an anguish of pity and tenderness lifted her face to his.

IV.

It was ten minutes after eight. Everyone was dressed, everybody who needed it had been "retouched," everybody was ready to go on,—except the leading man and he was nowhere to be found.

"Do you know where Wentworth is?" was the frantic question put by Mr. Howard to each person he met, but he got no satisfaction from any of them. A dozen people remembered his leaving the theater alone after he had brought Eleanor Douglas back from supper, but since then no one had seen him. A stage hand did say, doubtfully, that when he came back from supper he saw Mr. Wentworth or someone very like him going up the stairs to his dressing-room, but he might have been mistaken. That seemed more than likely, and his story was given little attention. Meanwhile, the director grew more and more anxious, impa-

tient, furious. Finally, at ten minutes after eight, he gave up in despair.

"I'll play the part myself," he said, desperately. "I suppose Wentworth left the clothes in his dressing-room. I don't know half the lines, but I can manage to give the cues, I guess, and do the business. See if you can find a wig and some whiskers for me, Hale; the make-up man's gone, but his kit's down stairs on the table."

He ran upstairs, two steps at a time, burst headlong into the door of room eight,—and started back with a cry of amazement. Wentworth, not in "Dick Fennel's" make-up, but his own clothes, sat there, his head on his arms and his whole body slouched heavily over on the low shelf which ran half the length of the narrow, little room.

"Confound you, what are you doing?" roared Mr. Howard, not yet fully recovered from the shock. "'Pon my word, I believe you're drunk."

"I'm not," growled the other through his clenched teeth.

"You are. I know it by your looks."

"I'm not, I tell you; I haven't got a drop of liquor in me. But you get out of this room mighty quick or I'll throw you downstairs." And the stalwart young man looked fully capable of carrying out his threat.

"Now look here," said the director, growing cool as the other grew hot, "if you expect me to believe you're sober, you'll talk like a Christian, and not like a ruffian. What are you doing here?" No answer. "Do you know what time it is?" Still no answer. "It's about twelve minutes past eight, and you've got to get into those clothes and have your face retouched inside of three minutes. So get at it."

"I'm not going to play to-night," returned Wentworth doggedly.

"Why not? Are you sick?"

"No."

"Why not then?"

No answer.

Mr. Howard ground his teeth with rage. All

at once he bethought himself of an expedient by which he had sometimes won Wentworth over on less serious occasions. Without a word, he turned on his heel and went downstairs, leaving the door open behind him. Wentworth resumed his former dejected posture.

"Louis." A gentle hand touched his shoulder and a pleasant voice spoke in his ear. He leaped to his feet and shrank away from her with a half groan.

"Why, Louis, what's the matter?" she cried, hurt and frightened.

He pushed the chair towards her, mastering himself with an effort.

"This is an honor," he said with freezing politeness. "Won't you sit down, Miss Douglas?"

Now Eleanor Douglas was as sensitive and proud as most girls, but she had been born frank and had a great deal of common sense; also she loved this man and knew that he loved her, which made her very bold.

"Thank you, I prefer to stand," she said qui-

etly, "and while I am standing, Mr. Wentworth, —if you wish me to call you that,—you can explain. Please do it quickly, because we are delaying the performance.

He gasped at the suddenness of her demand but did her bidding without hesitation, proving that for once in his life he could take orders. Indeed, when he was put to it, he came to the point as promptly as she had done.

"I came into the theater," he said, "while you and Morris Hale were in the box together. I slipped up behind the curtain so as to surprise you and I saw him—"

"O," she gasped, understanding, and he seized the opportunity to skip the word.

"I'm sure I congratulate him," he went on hurriedly, "and you, too. He's a grand man. I've always loved him. I told him everything. I—he—" He choked and buried his face in his hands.

"O, Louis, you thought that," she cried piteously, her eyes brimming with tears. "You must know he's dying."

"Yes I do know it. I didn't think—"

"Listen." she whispered, coming close to him and speaking so that he could barely hear her, "He said, 'I am a dying man, may I ask you a question?' And I said 'Yes.' Then he said, 'Louis Wentworth is my dearest friend: he told me yesterday that he loved you, and I know he is loveworthy. Do you love him, too?' and I said, 'Yes, I do,' and then he asked me—"

But she got no further.

THAT IMPOSSIBLE THIRTEENTH

THAT IMPOSSIBLE THIRTEENTH

The first time I saw her, I was standing in line, waiting to register as a freshman. My feet had passed from a dull ache to a delicious numbness and I began to take notice again. Mentally I divided the long line of despondent, heavy-footed students into classes—the firm-jawed Stoics, erect and defiant like Indians enduring torture, and the dish-rag variety, limp and drooping in every line. Then I saw *her* and she belonged to neither class. Slender, stylish, brown-haired and brown skinned—if she were not quite pretty, she was decidedly good to look at. She seemed neither tired, impatient, nor even bored—

for she was reading a magazine! Now, that's what I call sensible—to get pleasure out of what other people just endure. I thought I'd like to know her.

* * * * * * *

When I came to the second meeting of the algebra class, I was glad to see how uneasy, how bewildered even, nearly everyone seemed. That showed that they didn't have their lesson, and I did have mine.

"How many have worked all the problems?" the professor asked. I raised my hand, and hoped I was the only one—but I heard him say something about "Only two out of a class of fifty." I turned and looked straight into the eyes of my girl of the magazine.

She dropped her eyes, but not before I had seen that they were brown. Now some people have the kind of eyes that keeps you from seeing anything else—but I did notice two things; that

"Brownie",—as I named her—sat just behind me, and that it was she that was raising her hand.

At the end of two weeks I was much interested in her, and knew as little about her, as at first. I used to listen at roll call, but it didn't do me any good. When the professor said "Miss Cutton," a delicious, clear, musical voice answered "Here!" and when he said "Miss Scott," a horrid, shrill voice rasped "Present!" But both sounded directly behind me and there was no way to tell which name and which voice belonged to Brownie. It was very exasperating that I should so easily get acquainted with a dozen other girls not half so interesting as she—and not even know ***her*** name. Well, anyway, she was good in algebra. In the first six weeks I never got a problem that she didn't have too. I began to take an interest in algebra and really work over it—a thing I'd never done before. It didn't seem to do much good, though. If I mastered a hard problem, others in the class might or might not get it, but Brownie always did.

In all this time I had never seen her outside of class and I didn't even know her name. The mystery of it fascinated me. I even dreamed of her. I might have gone on wondering about her, if it had not been for the impossible thirteenth.

One day the professor said: "There's one problem in tomorrow's lesson, the thirteenth, that I don't expect you to solve. Just about one freshman out of two hundred has ever solved it, and, as it is almost impossible, I shall not take off any credit if you don't get it."

That word "impossible" was like a dare to me. Then I *would* get it, if I had to stay up all night. By eight o'clock all my other lessons were done and all the algebra except the thirteenth problem. I tried it by four different methods, and filled four pages of my tablet with each method—but none of them would do. Time was flying—it was half past nine.

Then I found out what I should have seen before—that I needed a formula, an old, forgotten, geometry formula,—before I could go on. I

hunted up a geometry, and spent half an hour looking for the formula, but it was not there. I should have to work out the theorem myself, to get the formula. This is like originating and demonstrating a geometry theorem without the geometry to go by and is not so simple as it sounds. When I had gotten the formula it was eleven o'clock. Even then it was not all plain sailing. After wandering through a maze of quadratics, radicals and big numbers to multiply and divide, I got an answer but it was wrong. I found a flaw in the reasoning, and, correcting that, I went over it all again, but still it was not right.

I stifled a desire to throw the book across the room and began painstakingly to look for the mistake. It was such a little one that I felt like kicking myself for making it. But now, I had the right answer. It was half-past twelve, and I went straight to bed, and dreamed of riding over the necks of thousands of vanquished foes.

I felt like a victorious general the next morn-

ing, too, as I went in to algebra class. I had done what one freshman out of two hundred could do! I could hardly wait to let everyone know it.

"Well," said the professor, smilingly, "how many have worked the thirteenth?" I turned part way around so that I could see Brownie out of the corner of my eye without seeming to. No,—she wasn't raising her hand. She looked sort of perplexed as she fumbled uncertainly with some papers, and I thought once that she was looking at me. Then she pushed the papers back into her book in a determined sort of way and turned to watch the professor.

Poor little Brownie!—I thought. It came hard to her not to get that problem. I had been trying for six weeks to get one that she couldn't do—but now, somehow, I was disappointed that she had failed. If I should raise my hand now, everyone would think I was brighter than she, and I knew that I wasn't, that it was only because I'd put more time on it. The professor turned and put the problem on the board, explaining it as he went along.

As Brownie went past me on the way out of class, a paper from her algebra fell onto the floor. I stooped to pick it up, but I knew that she had gone on, without knowing that she had dropped it. Well, say, I nearly fell over when I saw what was on that paper. It was the thirteenth problem, all worked out in a neat, feminine hand. Why in thunder hadn't she said something about it in class? The reason I had kept mum was because I thought that *she* didn't have the problem. Could it be that she—I remembered I had seen her looking at me— What an idiotic notion! Why she probably didn't even know me from the rest of the fellows in the class.

Brownie was coming back, looking for the paper probably. I did a queer thing then. I believe I had an inspiration but I don't know whether it was a good one or not. "I guess you dropped this," I said, and handed her—not her own paper, but my copy of the thirteenth problem. She didn't look at the paper as she thanked me, and I was pretty glad of it. I hoped she

wouldn't look at it at all, because by this time I was pretty sure I'd done the wrong thing.

That night at the Informal, Elinor told me I was getting absent-minded. The truth was that I was looking for Brownie. Elinor is two years older than I am, and is my second-cousin and a nice, sympathetic girl, so I told her all about it.

"There she is now," I said. Sure enough, Brownie was just going by, dancing with a fellow who was altogether too good looking.

"The slim one in white?" Elinor asked. "Why that's Marjorie Cutton. She's a freshman and Belle's dearest chum. It's funny you've never seen her with Belle. Come on, I'll introduce you." Elinor always was a good fellow.

"Miss Cutton," I said, during our third or fourth dance, "did you look at that paper I gave you this morning?"

"Yes," she said, beginning to laugh, "I—it surprised me. Why didn't you tell the professor?"

"I—why, I didn't want to," I stammered. "Why didn't you?"

But she only laughed and wouldn't tell me, so I'm still wondering.

WILHELMINA

WILHELMINA

The girl who gushed had subsided into a momentary silence; but Cranrig was not thinking of her. His gaze wandered, unseeing, out toward the campus across the way, toward the indistinct figures wending their ways backward and forward through the falling dusk. He was not thinking of them either. His mind was still upon Wilhelmina. It seemed curious, it seemed utterly incongruous, to think of Wilhelmina in this place. In some strange way, she belonged to his boyhood and its little city in the north which he had left long years before. She belonged to a twilight realm of sadness and of mystery not among

the glaring, laughing throngs at school. He remembered her as he had seen her after Sally's funeral. He remembered—O he remembered a million things, and it stunned him to think that Wilhelmina was here; and not only here but gay, so cruelly gay. The girl who gushed opened her mouth wide and inhaled a large quantity of ozone with a little gasp. She was preparing for another deluge.

"And so you are an old friend of our Wilhelmina's," she said excitedly. She seemed to consider this a strong point. "And to think of your calling her 'quiet.' Why, Wilhelmina, is our wit. She is the smartest girl in college. She is the quickest person at repartee, for her age, that ever lived. We all think she is a wonder. She is always so jolly, as happy as the day is long. O, you can't find anything stupid in Wilhelmina."

Cranrig still gazed dazedly before him.

"Jolly," he repeated, while the girl drew another breath. His tone started her as she was

about to launch forth. The girl who gushed was blessed with an amazing amount of curiosity.

"Yes, jolly," she answered, turning toward him. " Why not?"

"I shouldn't think she could be very jolly," he replied in his astonishment. Then he repeated the word again. "Jolly!" he said, and laughed grimly.

"She is never anything else for one second," said the girl defiantly.

"She must think of it all," said Cranrig. "I can't understand it. Her father—" he stopped suddenly.

"Yes?" said the girl who gushed.

"O," said Cranrig, biting his lip. "It's hardly fair of me, who has known Bill since she was a baby to come here now and tell the things she has covered up."

"As for that," said the girl who gushed, "she has never 'covered up' anything. She told it all. That is why we think she is so wonderful."

This was a bright guess and she waited anxiously.

"She tells it all!" cried Cranrig, the blood rushing in anger to his face.

"We think it very noble of her," said the girl who gushed. "Why shouldn't she?"

"Of course, why shouldn't she? Only, most girls have a little heart about such things. I presume it is right, too, for her to be here, and get a little happiness. She's had enough of the other. Yes, it may be noble, but, I think it would be just more noble to have hidden it. Most girls would hardly make their parents' misery a piece of public property."

"She never talks about it. She only wished us all to know," said the girl who gushed, quickly. Again she waited patiently.

"Well," said Cranrig at length, "we never know each other in this little world of ours. I have always thought they both took it to heart. I thought the scandal and disgrace of it all was a perfect horror to them. Then, when their father added drink to the sum of his worthlessness we all saw the end,—the beginning of it. Those

girls seemed so crushed, there was scarcely life in them. They gave up everything. They left their friends, only clinging to each other."

"How dreadful," said the girl' sympathetically.

"It was dreadful, because they had to bear it alone. We used to pity them, mere children as they were, little Sally and Bill."

"She was so fond of Sally?" asked the girl who gushed.

"Fond of her! They were twins, you know, Salamina and Wilhelmina; together night and day. Each worshiped the ground the other one walked on. It was good to have it so, for there was no one else to care. There was their father, a spendthrift drunken rake; and their mother, a nervous, selfish prude, bound up in her own wrongs. And there they were, two brave little girls. Jove, we were proud of them. And then—" Cranrig's voice grew soft—"they felt it all like death, I know they did; but they bore up," he went on, "until pretty soon, Paxton came. He wasn't a cad either, not one that you'd recognize,

but—well, no one knows, of course, no one ever can know. They found Sally dead one morning. She had taken poison."

"The old man straightened up a bit after that. He came back to the family. His health was ruined and his money gone. It was too late to make a man of him. They crawl along now, a few thousand more in debt each year. So Bill is here," he ended suddenly, while he cleared his throat. "I'll never forget Bill's face when that old Chopin funeral march—" he coughed. "So she's always jolly?" he repeated, harshly. "I should like to see Bill now."

The girl rose.

"Her parlor is two doors down the hall" she said. Without another word she led the way. Together they paused before the closed door.

Within, was a girl seated at a low mahogany desk. Upon it, lay two letters opened out before her. The full light streamed over her, illuminating even the shady depths of her eyes of mossy green. Her hands were resting, laxly in her lap.

There was something helpless, hopeless in the pose. Her fine, thin lips were fixed in lines of dumb tranquility like one who has almost learned the uselessness of protest against a fate which whirls us to our end. She read the letters for the second time, with close attention. Then she folded them with utmost care and placed them in her drawer.

The mother's letter, long and querulous, a wild complaint against the misery of life; the father's note, short, hopeless, horrible, berating unkind Providence which placed him in his direful indigence; both—both wearied her, burdened her, choked her. She laid her head upon her hands, and sat unmoving. From the music room far away came the echo of a murderous attack on Chopin's funeral march. The dull ache, deep within her, seemed to paralyze her, mind and soul and body. She did not hear the knock upon her door, repeated though it was. She did not hear it open softly. She merely felt that someone was near her.

She twisted her lips into their habitual smile and started to her feet. She paused. The smile grew ironical. She faced him calmly, without surprise; faced the memories which clung about him, which clung about the plaintive echoes from the music room. It seemed to her that she could not live on one moment more. Her helpless hands hung limply at her sides. They twitched spasmodically. And then the smile died tremulously from the cold, thin lips.

But in that moment came an angel down from Heaven. He touched the man's eyes that he might do as it is rarely given man to do—that he might understand.

"Bill," he said falteringly.

She uttered a little sound, half cry—half sob. Then Cranrig stretched out his arms toward her.

The door closed without a sound. Out in the corridor the girl who gushed, pressed her hot cheek against the cool, gray wall. She was crying softly.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN
THAN THIS

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS

He stood in the shadow of the large gateway at the campus entrance. A strong north wind drove armies of lead-gray clouds across the sky, completely discouraging the moon's feeble attempts at illumination. Whenever a group of shivering students came hurrying by, he would shrink farther back into the friendly shadow and so escape their notice.

It was bitter cold. The wind swept up the broad avenue, shrieking and howling, like a demon of revenge and the snow, piled in little heaps upon the walks, gave forth soul torturing wails and groans under the tread of the passing pedestrians. The wavering, hesitating gleam of the

street lamps only seemed to intensify the gloominess and coldness of it all. The face and bare hands of the man were blue with cold and he was shivering pitifully, while the wind shrieked and whirled about his tattered brown overcoat as if scorning such futile protection against its rage. But the man seemed not to notice the angry elements, for his thoughts were far away and in his eyes was the unseeing, reminiscent gaze of happy springtimes, long since past, and of youthful joys and pleasures, now dead and gone.

Once, when a party of rollicking undergraduates came by, and he instinctively retreated farther into the shadow, he came against a large square object which was leaning against the stone wall of the gateway. He dragged it out into the circle of light from the street lamp and found that it was only a large bulletin board which was evidently used by the students for posting notices. He was about to replace it when he saw on one of the notices a name which made him start and brought the hot blood surging to his cheeks. The

notice was merely an announcement that Senator Thomas A. Frisbee, an alumnus of the institution, would speak to the students of the university Thursday night at chapel hall.

Thomas A. Frisbee! That name brought back a flood of bitter memories, whose current carried him back to the days when he was a senior in this same college, with the future, bright and rosy, before him, and dreamed sweet dreams of future fame—and riches—and happiness. How different had been his awakening!

They had been the closest of college chums—Tom and Joe—sharing all things in common. Not only were their belongings divided impartially between them, but the sorrows and joys, the likes and dislikes of one were duplicated in the soul of the other. But there came a time when the sharing ceased, for the heart of a woman brooks no division, and Ethel Boyd's heart was no exception. Both men loved her passionately and each wooed her with all the passion of his soul, but neither could claim precedence in her

favor. However, each could feel the ever widening breach that was coming between them, forcing them farther and farther apart, until, one day, they would stand as the bitterest of enemies against each other.

How well he remembered that day—when they had quarreled, and separated forever. It was in the dusk of a soft spring evening, when all nature was at peace, that they had trampled down the sweet comradeship of nearly four years of college life, and left each other with hateful, biting words upon their lips. He had been studying in the library all the afternoon looking up material for the intercollegiate debate, in which he was to take part the following month. Becoming tired, after long hours of incessant poring over musty statistics, he sought to refresh himself in the cool air of the April night. Instinctively his steps turned toward a secluded spot in the rear of the campus where he had spent many a happy hour with Ethel talking of—everything in the world but the one subject he wanted most to

speak of, for Ethel was firm, and always managed to change the subject whenever he gave signs of becoming too sentimental. Nevertheless, in spite of this restraint, those *had* been happy times and it was with pleasant recollections of them that he turned his steps toward their little nook.

It was a pretty spot—and especially so in the afterglow of the late April sunset. A willow sapling spread out its tender shoots above it, making a sort of bower of the place, already decked with fresh green leaves which rustled softly in the evening breeze. From below, at the foot of a steep slope, covered with underbrush and young elms and cottonwoods, came the roar of the mighty Father of Waters, seething and bubbling, after its perilous leap from the falls above. On the opposite side could be seen the squalid homes of the "Flatters," built right up to the water's edge, hurling defiance into the very teeth of the mighty current. Behind and above these were dwellings and buildings of the better sort, improving gradually

with the rise in the slope, until, on the level ground above, the gigantic factories, already gleaming with myriads of twinkling lights, could be seen with their tall chimneys silhouetted against the western sky. Here one might observe with a single sweep of the eye the embodiments of human industry and human sloth!

As Joe approached the little nook, he saw that someone was there before him. He was about to turn away impatiently, when he noticed that the figure under the willow was none other than that of his chum. Tom's back was turned to him and he seemed to be deeply interested in something he held in his hand. Joe quickened his steps and as he reached Tom's side, clapped his hand on his shoulder, saying, "Well, old chap,—contemplating the sights, eh?"

Tom turned quickly 'round, consternation on his face, and answered angrily, "What in the—— are you doing here? Aren't you satisfied with butting in everywhere else, without spying on me everywhere I go?" In the meantime he had

dropped something, unnoticed by the other in the gathering dusk, to the ground at his feet.

Joe, astonished and deeply wounded by such an answer from his dearest friend, said nothing, but his face grew red and white by turns, and his eyes looked wonderingly into his chum's angry face.

But Tom went on aggravatingly; "Maybe you are contemplating one of those stolen interviews with Ethel?—well, you were disappointed this time weren't you?"

"I was not," answered Joe calmly, "but I did expect a different welcome from you."

"Oh, don't come any of that old friend rot on me," retorted the other, "you know well enough that, except for you, it would have been all settled between Ethel and me, long ago. But I hope you're satisfied with your work now."

"I'm not so sure that you are right," replied Joe with rising anger, "but, anyway, I don't see any reason for dragging Ethel into this matter."

"Oh! don't you? Well, I do, and what's more,

it seems to me we might as well come to an understanding now, as any time."

Joe, greatly angered at his friend's unreasonableness, threw his temper to the winds, and the two old friends quarreled long and bitterly under the darkening April sky. It ended with Tom saying hotly as he walked away, "Never you mind, Joe Lawrence, I'll get even with you before you're many days older!" Joe answered not a word, but stalked bitterly away in the darkness, his heart rebelling angrily at the injustice and cruelty of it all.

A few days later the community about the university was shocked by the news of a horrible murder, committed almost in their very midst. An aged man, who lived in a dilapidated house on the outskirts of the town, was found dead in his bed, stabbed in the heart by a pen-knife, the broken blade of which was firmly imbedded in the old man's heart. It had been done some time before for the body was pronounced by physicians to have been lifeless for several days, and was

already in a state of decomposition. It was not strange that the foul deed had not been discovered before, as the old man had been a sort of hermit and lived entirely alone, receiving no callers. It would not have been discovered when it was, had not a laborer, who lived near by, chanced to look through the window as he crossed the hermit's lot in the early morning, where he was going to his work. The deed had undoubtedly been done by some thief, who, stealing into the house when the old man was asleep, and having found whatever treasure the miser possessed, had been surprised from behind by the old man himself, and in the fierce struggle which ensued, the plunderer had been forced to strike the death blow in his own defense. The room showed signs of a terrible conflict, and the fact that the thief had been caught red-handed with his plunder, by the old man, was evidenced by the litter of papers and legal documents which covered the floor. The little alarm clock which had stood on the stand by the bed was found broken on the floor.

The hands on the dial pointed to five minutes to eight, which seemed to prove that the deed had been done almost in daylight, before the city had entirely quieted down from the clamor of the day. However, it was known by those who lived near by that the old man always retired early, and as the house was almost sorrounded by a clump of scraggly oaks, a thief might make his entrance and escape in broad daylight, unnoticed.

No clue to the murderer could be found except the imprint of a shoe in the soft mold in the garden, and in a few days the excitement of the affair had died away. The community, however, was, later, to be still more greatly shocked by the discovery of a fragment of one of the papers found in the old miser's bedroom, in the waste-basket in Joe Lawrence's room. It had come about in this way: Tom Frisbee and a couple more of Joe's old friends had come up to Joe's room one night ostensibly to study logic together, but really to talk 'shop' the whole evening. Tom appeared to be sorry for his hot words of two

weeks before, and had asked Joe to forgive and forget. Joe was only too glad to make up with his old chum and the time passed pleasantly away, seemingly with the old time good fellowship. Finally some one suggested a smoke and no sooner was the suggestion made than acted upon. As no one present had a match, Tom went over to the waste-basket to get a scrap of paper to use as a lighter, and while rummaging among the scraps of paper, brought to light what appeared to be the end of a legal document.

"Why boys," he cried, with a note of astonishment in his voice, "just see what I've found!"

The boys crowded around him as he held, under the gas-light, a small crumpled piece of paper, which read:

——"to which I herewith affix my hand and seal; (Signed) Jonas Horne." It was undoubtedly a part of a legal document from which it had been torn off hastily, as was evidenced by its ragged edge.

"Why, Jonas Horne was the name of the man

who was murdered out here last week!" said one of the fellows.

"So it was," said Tom, thoughtfully, "but how in the deuce did it get up here?"—with a quick look at Joe.

A horrible suspicion had passed quickly through Joe's mind, but he instantly put it aside as unworthy of him, so when Tom—and the other boys looked at him for an explanation, he flushed guiltily.

For an instant they gazed into each others' eyes, reading the thoughts behind them in one flash. All looked thunderstruck at the turn affairs had taken and for a few moments there was an awkward silence, all apparently waiting for Joe to speak, but no one daring to ask for an explanation.

Finally, he spoke. "Boys," he said huskily, "there's been a horrible mistake, somewhere, I never saw that paper before this minute. How it ever got here, I can't tell; you know as much about it as I do."

He was speaking to them all, but his eyes chanced to meet Tom's, and at the words Tom winced visibly. Again, that horrid suspicion flashed through Joe's mind, and he looked steadily at Tom for a minute. For one brief instant, he thought he saw a triumphant gleam in Tom's eyes, but it was gone in a flash and he decided that he must have been mistaken.

"This looks mighty queer, just the same," said Tom. "It looks as if we'd have to report this, Lawrence, (how oddly that name sounded from Tom's lips!) but duty is duty."

"Why, boys! You don't mean to say that you think I had anything to do with this—this affair —do you?"

The other boys stood silently regarding the carpet, but Tom went on relentlessly; "Well, it certainly looks bad for you, I must say; but I hope our fears are groundless. You see, the fact that you were generally known to be hard up just at that time, will go hard against you." It was a mean thrust, and Joe looked up with blazing

eyes, but Tom looked away and would not meet his gaze.

The situation was becoming very awkward, and the boys, unable to meet the reproach in Joe's eyes, slunk off one by one to their respective rooms.

Next morning, Joe was summoned before the court to answer to the charge of murder in the first degree. He pleaded, "not guilty," and was confined in the county jail. His trial, which occurred some weeks later, was the most sensational one that had occurred in that court-room for many years. Evidence was given by his classmates that Joe Lawrence had admitted, in the company of several of his friends, before the murder had been committed, that he was in need of money; Tom Frisbee testified that he had found the fatal paper in his chum's waste-basket, and in this he was backed up by the other young men who were in the room at the time, these same men also declared, under oath, that Joe had looked guilty when the paper was produced and

that he had offered no explanation for its presence in his room. This, and much other evidence was produced, which seemed to establish his guilt beyond a doubt.

It was surprising how many people there were, who were ready and anxious to give evidence as to the prisoner's guilty demeanor, once they had assured themselves that he was guilty. Among the papers collected from the miser's bed-room by the police, one was found which fitted exactly with the fragment found in Joe's room. This left no room for doubt as to the genuineness of the paper. The knife blade which was found thrust in the old man's heart was produced, but the handle was never found, although the prosecuting attorney attempted to prove that Joe had lost his pen-knife about the time the tragedy occurred.

Joe was continually haunted by the suspicion that Tom knew more about the matter than he cared to disclose. This suspicion grew stronger day by day until it became a firm conviction, but

Joe kept silent for he knew he could produce no evidence which he could back up with proof, while Tom's evidence was apparently convincing. Besides, if he attempted to implicate Tom, he could show no reason for Tom's stand during the trial without explaining their quarrel and the cause of it, and he had no desire to draw Ethel's name into the affair, especially since he believed it would be useless. And so he bore his disgrace quietly, in order that he might shield the woman he loved from the eyes of the curious world.

The jury rendered a verdict of "murder in the second degree," and the sentence imposed upon him by the judge was the limit: imprisonment for life in the state penitentiary.

Oh, the bitterness of that hour! After the verdict was given, Joe sat in his cell for hours with his head in his hands, a broken-hearted, broken spirited man. His friends shunned him as if he were afflicted with a contagious disease, and he was content that it should be so, for he had no desire to see anybody—he only wished to be left

alone to endure his shame and disgrace in solitude. And so he had gone to his living tomb without a word of sympathy or cheer from anyone—he who but a few short weeks before could have boasted of scores of friends!

And now, again, after twenty long, weary years of monotonous existence, he was a free man! "Life sentence commuted to twenty years imprisonment on account of good behavior"—so the pardon read. Providing him with a cheap suit of 'store-clothes' and, a five dollar bill with which to provide himself indefinitely, they had turned him back into the commonwealth which had disclaimed him so long ago. With this sumptuous raiment and this magnificent benefaction, he was expected to become an honest citizen and establish himself in an honorable career! He knew he ought to feel glad that he was again a free citizen—free to do as he liked, provided he kept well within the boundaries of law and order. But, somehow, the feeling of sadness would not down, and he almost wished himself

back on the other side of those grim walls. His ambition was gone and he felt lost in this great world that had been shut out from his sight for twenty years. His prison-cell was at least a shelter and that was more than he could expect from the world outside.

He could not tell why he had come back here, but he had nowhere else to go, for his father and mother were dead and he had been their only child. No one here would know him now and it was good to get back to the old familiar places, for if they had been the scene of his downfall and disgrace, they had also been the scene of the greatest happiness he had ever known.

The old night watch came along with his lantern, and seeing him standing there motionless, touched him on the shoulder, saying, in a rough but not unkind voice: "Come, man, wake up! You'd better go home, you'll freeze to death here!" Joe started at the sound of the man's voice. It seemed strangely familiar and as he looked he recognized in the bent form of the old

man, the figure of Kelly, the night watch of twenty years ago. Joe was about to speak to him, but the old man had passed on with his lantern into the darkness.

Aroused from his stupor, he turned and walked slowly up the wide walk which led to the old main and the library. All looked strange to him now. The new buildings, the gateway, the shrubbery, these were all new to him, for he had been a student here when the North Star State was still young, and the fame of its university had not yet spread to the outside world. For a long time he wandered aimlessly about, scarcely knowing where he was going, until at last he found himself standing on the high bank of the river, looking over at the twinkling lights of the busy city beyond. There were new and strange buildings all about him and he did not recognize the place at first, but finally, some striking similarity in the scene before him, caused him to look around him for the willow shrub, and the bower

where he had spent so many happy hours—and one bitter one.

It was gone, cut down, no doubt, to make way for that large building, near by. As he was standing there, thinking of former days, his foot struck something among the roots of the tree by which he was standing. He stooped, absently, and picked it up, but was about to throw it into the river, when something peculiar in its shape caused him to take it over into the light from a nearby window. for inspection. When he had scraped away the soil and mold, he found that it had probably once, been a handsome penknife. The steel was coated with a thick covering of rust, and the trimmings of silver and pearl were stained and tarnished as from a long sojourn in the damp earth. The small blade was open and broken off near the handle. Scraping off the mold he came to some engraving on the side of the handle which soon developed into the shape of a letter F. Joe started at the sight of that letter and began, feverishly,

to scrape away the grime from the rest of the handle. Yes! There it was! T. A. F. It was Tom Frisbee's old penknife! He remembered it well. Then the whole thing dawned upon him in a flash. He remembered now that Tom had looked queerly when he approached him that night under the willow-bush. The willow bush! But that was gone now! He began to doubt again. Then he went over to the place where he had found the knife, and looked about him for bearings. Things looked strangely familiar—after all! But this willow tree—he could n't understand that—it was n't here twenty years ago. Then he stopped to think—twenty years—a willow shrub might grow to a large tree in that time! Yes, this gigantic tree, tossing its bare branches in the winter wind was none other than the little shrub of twenty years ago! Somehow, the thought made him shudder.

It was all as clear as daylight now. He had caught Tom red-handed that April night when they stood under the willow shrub. No doubt he

had intended to throw the knife into the river, but had been surprised by his chum and dropped it, unnoticed by Joe, to the ground. There had been a heavy rain that night—he could remember that, for after the quarrel he had taken a long walk into the country to cool his heated brain, and before he reached his room he was caught in the heavy storm. If Tom had come back to find the knife, as he undoubtedly had, he had not found it, because the torrent of rain had washed the soft soil over it, covering it from sight, so Tom had evidently taken it for granted that the rain had washed it, with other debris, into the river below. Tom had vowed vengeance when they parted that night, and this had been the result! Wishing to turn suspicion from himself and at the same time satisfy his grudge against his old chum, he had chosen this dastardly method to carry out his designs. . . But here was proof at last! With this convincing evidence, Joe could establish his innocence and his honor. The broken blade found in the old man's breast would,

Joe had no doubt, fit exactly with the broken end in his hand—and then the tell-tale initials would do the rest.

A feeling of exhilaration came over him, a feeling he had not experienced for many, many years. At last he could hold up his head in the world and claim respect from all! Not only that, but he could now pay back, in full, the suffering —the torture—the disgrace of twenty years.

And then he thought of Ethel. Would she thank him for the disgrace he would bring upon her and her children? Would his satisfaction in paying back old dues, compensate for the suffering and disgrace he would bring upon her, He was now, gray-haired and old;—old beyond his years. His ambition was gone. He had nothing to live for—Nothing but revenge and that would be short-lived at the best. As he stood there, a picture came to him of the kind-faced old chaplain, who had been his father-confessor during his long confinement. He could see his face now, as he reasoned with the prisoners against the

fostering of revengeful thoughts. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord;" he had quoted, and the words came back to Joe now, with double force. With a sudden impulse he turned and hurled the knife into the rushing torrent below and listened to hear its splash as it struck the water. His first impulse was to follow it but the face of the kind old priest came between him and the water, and he turned and walked away into the darkness.

A SPECIAL COURSE IN EGOTISM

A SPECIAL COURSE IN EGOTISM

Stanley pushed back his chair and gazed around the room. A littered pile of papers on the table before him told the completed task for the morrow's lessons. Everything was silent except the little alarm clock, which ticked vigorously although its hands pointed to long after twelve. He got up, wound the clock, then seated himself cautiously in a chair—the chair with the broken rocker—took off his shoes, put his feet up on the bed, and settled down for a few moments of quiet before retiring.

The frowsy little room was not particularly attractive. It was one of many in a students' boarding house and, like the others, had no individuality

of its own. The cheap iron bed, the bruised and battered bureau, the wash stand, the oil-cloth-covered table and a couple of chairs constituted its furnishings.

The walls were covered with a few chromos, supplements of the Sunday papers, and a calendar or two. The wall, however, upon which Stanley's eyes rested, was quite bare except for one picture —the photograph of a girl in an elaborate evening gown—a plump, fluffy little girl with light hair and babyish dimples, yet withal, extremely self-possessed and at her ease. She was the one incongruous element in the bareness of the room, and she seemed to realize it, as she looked out of her plain black frame with a "Why am I here?" air.

Stanley settled down in his chair and contemplated the picture with faraway happiness in his eyes. It seemed to suggest to him, now that his years of college life were so nearly over, the four long years through which he had passed—years of hard, despairing work, but which seemed at

last to bear the fruit of which the bud had held promise.

How he had struggled to get his uncle's consent to go to college, and how the old man had at last reluctantly yielded, providing Stanley "would tend to his studies."

And then his first year at the University. He had early determined to make his studies the goal toward which he should work. All other irrelevant and trivial matters were to be sacrificed for these. What were friends, amusements, holidays, to the gain of knowledge?

Well, he had kept his determined vows through all these years. How different had been the career of some other boys from his home town! There was Randall Harrington—his father had taken him out at the end of a year; there was George Graham, happy-go-lucky, always in scrapes, never doing anything worth while. There was Dick Allen, athlete, social leader, president of his class, yet, as it seemed to Stanley, sadly lacking in the important and substantial side of things. He

was always walking with some girl, was a prominent fraternity man—a feature of college life with which Stanley had little sympathy—and while his class recitations were never failures, they were never exceptionally brilliant. No Dick was missing the best part of his college life.

Stanley had not wasted a moment of time. He had never cared to become acquainted with people, for he felt that it would impede the progress of his studies. So in spite of his brilliant work he was practically a stranger to everyone. Although an excellent debater he had never joined a literary society, for it would squander the precious time needed so much for his studies.

He had allied himself with only one organization and that was the Y. M. C. A. Even here he knew only a few of the students, although he attended the meetings regularly. And yet an element had entered into his life, entirely foreign to the purposes for which he had come to the University. By the strange juggling of Fate, he, quiet, retiring, zealous for knowledge, had come to ad-

mire one of the most popular girls at the University. However, as he looked up at the photograph and smiled at it, he felt that his college career would have been a failure, had he never met Bessie.

Early in his junior year, he had found to his surprise, a rival in his economics class. A plump, fluffy little girl gained his admiration by her evident grasp of the subject and her bright answers. He found that he had a formidable opponent in this girl. Redoubling his efforts seemed to do no good—she was still his equal. Stanley's interest in her was kindled by her scholarship and breaking his usual rule he sought to make her acquaintance. The acquaintance ripened to a friendship, and, although Stanley did not realize it, he had become dependent on Bessie for his inspiration and zeal. She had her faults and her virtues—his coldly, critical mind could not help weighing her merits and her defects. She was not a sorority girl—good—she was a hard worker—better,—but, on the other hand he managed to catch a glimpse

of the fact that she had a very good time in a world of her own, a world of which he had very little knowledge. In spite of his admiration, he really saw but little of her. Once or twice a month was all the time he could possibly spare to call. Nevertheless she was always so sympathetic and always agreed with his aims and aspirations. Even the photograph—Stanley looked up at it again—seemed to smile encouragement upon his ideals.

His thoughts turned into another channel. To-morrow would come the culmination of all his four years of work—the public recognition of his powers as a good student. The names of the students entitled to receive Phi Beta Kappa were to be announced. Restricted as the list was to six members, Stanley felt that he could almost count them. There would be himself and Bessie; Rose and Grind, fellow members of his Y. M. C. A.; that homely red-headed girl, who wore glasses, Miss Meal or Neal or something like it; and probably Lawrence Jones who had a pull. Stan-

ley could hardly wait for the day to come. At last, people would recognize his ability.

The little kerosene lamp sputtered. The flame was growing low. Stanley rose, picked up his books and papers, and went to bed. But all through the night the little oblong key of Phi Beta Kappa danced before his eyes, and always Bessie was holding it out to him. At last he made a desperate effort to reach it, and as his fingers were just touching it, he awoke to find it broad daylight.

Although it was yet early, the boarding-house was filled with a confusion of noisy feet, stamping up and down the stairs, loud voices raised in argument in the hall-ways, a banging of doors and rattling of dishes from the regions below. Above all, the unmistakable odor of frying pancakes permeated every room. Stanley dressed with unusual care and deliberation, went down stairs and with difficulty found a seat in a quiet corner, where he might give a final look at his German, while waiting for the breakfast. Every-

thing was noisy—everyone talking at the top of his voice, while the waiters rushing back and forth only added to the din. Stanley ate the breakfast, which the waiter placed before him, in silence, and then started toward the University. It seemed to him that he had never seen so many students as upon that morning. How was it that he had never noticed what pretty girls there were, and what handsome fellows? No one spoke to him —he was a stranger. But, in a couple of hours, they would all be looking at him—he, Stanley Moore—as a typical "honor man" of the institution.

Going up the library steps a little red-sweatered figure flew past, just stopping to say "Good morning." His heart gave a little leap. That was Bessie. Bessie and his honors. Which did he care for the more? Which did he desire more?

* * * * * * *

The chapel was crowded with students. Every seat was filled long before the chapel hour, and

crowds tried in vain to elbow their way through the closely packed mass that filled the aisles and lined the walls. Enthusiasm was rife. Cries of "Pass him up! pass him up!" came from that part of the room where the Medics were gathered. A group of Laws started to give the yell. Above all he heard the shrill voices of the girls who occupied one side of the room. Every one was eager, excited. Everyone awaited the decision anxiously.

Stanley sat silently waiting. He was perfectly calm. No fear of the outcome crossed his mind. No though of "I wish I'd studied harder" disturbed his peace. He felt that he had done his best. He had fought the good fight. The reward would surely come.

A hymn was sung, a prayer was offered and then the president—middle-aged, gray-haired and beloved—stepped to the front of the platform.

"In accordance with our usual custom—" he began. The speech dragged on through a repetition of "good opportunities," "excellent work,"

and the other platitudes of such an address. Only portions could be plainly heard.

"And it is further desired that this honor be awarded not to those who never reach outside the narrow range of books—" Stanley wished he would hurry and come to the names—"not to the book-worm, but rather the well-rounded, far-seeing, broad-minded student, who is ever active in all that makes for true college life." Stanley had never realized how tiresome "Prexy" could be. But—

"And finally we come to the names of those who are entitled to this honor. First upon this list is Miss Bessie Harrison." A murmur of applause ran through the audience. A little girl sat in the middle of a center row with a very red but a very happy face.

"Frank Rose, Arthur Grind." Two boys standing up against the wall shook hands with each other, expressive grins upon their faces.

"Luella Neal." A red-haired girl in an obscure corner furtively wiped away a tear from her

eye. The struggle had been so hard. Could it be really true?

"Lawrence Jones, Dick Allen." A ringing cheer burst upon the air. The pent up enthusiasm of the students burst forth into wild applause. Then the rush began.

The shouting, wildly yelling crowd, hurled themselves through the narrow door-ways, fighting their way to air and freedom.

When Stanley came to, he was standing on the library steps, gazing at the throng that extended along the side-walk up to the Old Main. Where was Bessie? He wanted her. A big, handsome, athletic-looking fellow passed him. He was engaged in an animated conversation with a pretty, fluffy little girl, who was laughing merrily at some joke. Was that Bessie? And Dick Allen?

Stanley turned abruptly. Down the steps of the library, down past the observatory, down to the river bank he hurried and then struck off at a furious pace, stumbling, walking heedlessly, blindly, but keeping on and on until at last he

dropped from sheer exhaustion. His mind was dazed—why couldn't he reason things?

And then . . . there were voices near him.

"But I always thought you liked that fellow—that Moore?"

"He?" A scornful little laugh. "Why, he was really one of the funniest things you ever heard of. He was positively ridiculous. I hope you don't think I had a case there?"

"But he was at your house a good deal?"

"Oh yes, that's true, but then you see I couldn't get rid of him. And his talk—high ideals! It was perfectly killing. He's missed so much of life—all he knows is books. And so conceited—he was sure of making Phi Beta Kappa. I should think he would have known that a dig like he, couldn't get it. I'm afraid this will prick the bubble of his vanity."

"But, he liked you?"

"Well, I am afraid he did. But I'm not to

blame for that, am I? He's too egotistical and self-centered. I could never care for him."

And the voices died away.

"The bubble of his vanity." The words burned their way into Stanley's brain. His house of cards came toppling down upon him. His honors lost, then Bessie. Was it true that his work had been a failure? Was it true?

The warm noon sun, high in the heavens, looked down upon him. The afternoon sun, slow-moving toward the West, beheld him and the setting sun, casting her golden glory over all, found him still, face buried in his arms, lying upon the bank of leaves.

THE PASSING OF QUENTIN DEWEY

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A sigh of relief went up from the people of Owatonna when it was noised abroad that Quentin Dewey had passed his examinations and would enter the University. His teachers had secret misgivings as to his ability to spell, but they knew he had a long head when he had to pull out of a scrape. The Dewey family had all been scholars. The Quentins and the maternal surname had been prefixed to the less distinguished Dewey, were all schemers. The town knew this, only it did not appreciate what a value scheming might become in the greater world of 'Varsity life. Quentin would distinguish himself, people did not

doubt, only they did not prefigure to themselves what form the distinction might take.

* * * * * * *

It was the month of May, one week before the seniors' exams. Quentin, with a host of retainers, strolled from the main building to the library, and here they began to arrange themselves in an historic group on the two massive pedestals as yet unadorned by any sculptured figures of Wisdom or Science. These were the undisputed thrones of long-legged seniors. How senior girls ever mounted these Seats of the Mighty is a mystery.

The ponderous peristyle of class columns beamed down on a scene that would have made the ancient gods of Greece frown with displeasure. Chewing-gum, marbles, and co-education had routed the cuds of Socratic pabulum, the *calculi* of the young Athenian, and the Eveless solitude of the Academe. It was a pleasing scene that greeted the eyes of Quentin and his statuesque

group, from the single flower-bed at their feet, generally planted with peculiar green shrubs, out of respect, the sophs. said, to the memory of the freshman class, by the genial Park Board, along the semi-circular row of architectural feats, emblematic of the various ages of structural attempts and contempts. The chemical building had not yet posed with its foundations in the empyrean before the awed semi-circle.

"I am microtomically cut up," said Bob Tobin, one of Quentin's classmates. "I know I shall be flunked sure. Yesterday when I passed in my special report on the Insane Asylums of F—— I handed in a large part of the prof's notes. I got them mixed up for some reason or other, and for the life of me I couldn't tell which from t'other. But I'll trust to luck, for last year one of the fellows put in a lot of Ophelia's ravings and they went through alright. He said some girl from Owatonna talked like that. The prof. said it was a most interesting case. They say he

is writing a paper on it himself for some psychological journal."

This statement was followed by a sudden howl from one who was hanging on the outside of the group. It was a freshman who had been eavesdropping. His name was Patrick Henry Ireland. He signed it P. Henry.

P. Henry, with another howl, a sort of hereditary yell, such as his ancestors gave when hunted from bog to bog by their Anglo-Saxons conquerors, leaped aside from an imaginary kick and betook himself up the granite steps into the vestibule to the library, to hide himself, as Bob said, in the book-stacks, like a needle in a hay-stack. Though the dignified seniors did not deign to pursue P. Henry, the latter managed to disturb a colloquy, more or less private, of a party of men, who, evidently belonged to the faculty-persuasion. The party thus disturbed by P. Henry's dash in among its legs, moved out from behind the row of columns and continued its debate in an ominous undertone.

The professors on the steps and the students on the pedestals formed two bodies of antipodal traditions and aspirations. This coterie of professors was undoubtedly some special committee in whose hands rested the fate of the delinquent seniors. The professors continued to keep their heads together and to buzz in subdued tones, while the light-hearted seniors gaily recounted to one another the latest jokes and gossip, as well as a few reminiscences of by-gone days. This was before the days of Marconi telepathy but the precarious state of Quentin's record had rendered him an excellent conductor of any unpleasant disturbances that might originate from the electrifying faculty. Quentin's guilty conscience, for he alone knew what a fiasco his last term's work had been, stimulated his hearing power and brought to his ears words distinct enough to arouse his fears and to make him forget the immediate group of chattering and laughing students about him. Over the heads of the crowd burst such woful syllables as *credits lacking,*

poor examination, diploma with-held, etc. These phrases at this time of the year and under circumstances forcibly felt by the young man had a telepathic influence on the spirit of Quentin. He had almost a luminous perception of himself as the central figure of this consultation, when the professor of history descended the steps and beckoned Quentin aside for a word.

"How are you coming on with the senior exams., Mr. Dewey?"

"Fairly well, sir, though my eyes have been hurting me a bit of late."

"That's too bad. But it behooves you to make every effort with these last examinations. Rumor does not put you among the honor students, you know."

"Do you think there is any danger, professor, of my not getting through the work?"

"Well, Mr. Dewey, your case is peculiar. Your records are mixed, and should you lack sufficient 'credits' you will be badly caught. So you must pass all these exams. to save yourself."

"Could you suggest, sir, any way by which I could ascertain just how I stand on the books?"

"Why yes, you could consult the official records or call upon each of the professors and find how you stand on their books. Perhaps it would be better to do this latter, for you could explain and remedy any differences that might have occurred between yourself and the professor."

"Thank you, sir, for your advice. I'll do it."

That evening Quentin did not feel easy at the Frat. House. He had smoked his usual quantity of cigarettes, he had strummed the same old tunes on the much-abused piano, he had essayed to tell one or two of his worn out stories, and these fell a shade flatter than usual. He flung himself out of one chair into another. It was of no use. He was troubled and he couldn't rid himself of an unpleasant sense of disaster. Later in the evening when his companions had gradually disappeared and left him to his own blues, he took his pipe and went out on the porch for a quiet smoke and a lot of deep thinking.

He was mentally traveling over his four years' course. He recalled that at the end of the freshman year he had failed in two subjects. He had dim recollections that these had been made up or patched up sometime during the sophomore year. The junior year and its record were quite blank to him. It seemed to him that he lacked money more than "credits" during this time. He had made repeated calls on his father for aid, but he did not recollect having made any calls on his professors. Senior year had been one round of festivities. College athletics had been very successful and he had never been without funds. In fact, had it been needful he could have supplied his father with cash now and then. Yes, senior year on the whole had been a most propitious one. One little cloud had now revealed itself on the horizon. How should this be dissipated?

The soft night air of May was very balmy. It seemed a proper solvent for almost any kind of trouble. Here he sat on his porch looking across at the dimly outlined 'Varsity buildings and was

sorely tried to discover how he could leave them. To leave them was to leave pleasant friends, joyous memories, and days of peace and plenty. The life had been free from care. It was after all the American Arcadia. Back of the buildings, beyond them, across the river, the Father of Rivers, was the world, the practical, sordid, restless world of the Philistines and Barbarians. The big flour mills belching forth volcanic clouds of dust and smoke bore witness to the truth of this vision. And here he was planning how he should leave his Arcadia, for it was no longer profitable that he should remain there!

"Hello, old chap, you're *allein, aber nicht einsam?*" issued out of the darkness, and was followed by the foot ball swagger of Bob Tobin. Tobin was not a schemer like Quentin. If he were caught in a trap he got free by persistent tugging. He plodded along in his studies, and he was actually brilliant only on the foot ball field. He and Quentin had been good friends through the whole course.

"I've been thinking, Bob, of that warning from the professor of history, to-day."

"Well, when you begin to put on your thinking cap, I trust there is a way out of things."

"It's like this. You remember the professor of history was talking with the chairs of philosophy and German. He sort of hinted that I should call on these men and have a little interview with them, get near to them, as it were."

"Well, the history department always did have a soft place in its heart for you! What are you scheming to do now?"

"Just this, Bob. I'm going to ask those three men to dine with me. Will you make one of the party and help me out?"

"Sure. And it's a brilliant idea! Why, those old chaps will be tickled to death to get a free lunch, not to speak of free cigarettes, cigars, and other things. Why, I heard one complaining that Medical Spring water cost him a lot."

"It'll be not only free lunch, but it'll be a dandy, a cracker-jack, the best to be found in the

Twin Cities. By the way, I think it would be more discreet if it be given in St. Paul, don't you? You know the kids are always prowling about the restaurants here in town."

"Agreed. And we'll go to the 'Delmonico' of St. Paul. I know they'll like the lark of it. You leave that part of the program to me."

Another pipeful was smoked in peaceful harmony. Never had the Calumet been hit in a more momentous affair of state and with such good results. The Great Tom of the City Hall pealed out the hour of twelve and Quentin knocked the ashes out of his pipe with a sense of profound relief and fortitude. Good-nights were said and the world outside was left to doze itself away into morning.

Little notes were laid on the tables of three professors the next day. They read:

"Dear Professor:

May Mr. Tobin and I have the pleasure of your company at dinner, to-morrow evening at seven o'clock? We have selected the 'Delmonico' of St. Paul as the best place. Mr. Tobin will meet you at the Library and will conduct you thither. This is a little informal dinner to say farewell and to tell you how much we have enjoyed your course during the past year.

Very truly yours,
Quentin Dewey."

Another very brief note was addressed to the Reverend Amos Dewey, of Owatonna. It read: "Dear Father:

Tobin and I are giving a farewell dinner to some of our favorite professors. They have been highly pleased with our work and we wish to express our regard for them. Please send me that draft I wrote you about.

Your aff. son,
Quentin."

Another lengthy epistle was forwarded to the "Delmonico" of St. Paul. It gave a most elab-

orate description of the various courses that were to be served. Special mention was made of the danger of too much St. Paul water, in view of the fact that Minneapolitans were accustomed to use an article so much superior. The restaurant was to be virtually chartered during the time of the dinner and great care should be taken that the chairs should have strong legs, for they would be occupied by the heavy weights of the 'Varsity, no mere foot ball feed was this.

—

It would take a microscope to find the "Delmonico" of St. Paul. It is situated in one of the obscurest of the Saintly City's many obscure streets. It would take a de Balzac to describe the place. This was a treasure-trove of Quentin's own finding. Jack Ormond had discovered and made famous "The Creamery;" but that was a thing of the past. Billy Durand and his gang had given a sort of renown to the "Ratskeller;" but the "Rats-

keller" had to be mounted by a flight of stairs, and no orthodox student could endure such a misnomer. Other students had affected "Shanks;" but there were always too many professors there, and that fact alone robbed the place of its Bohemian atmosphere. No, this "Delmonico" was a find, and Quentin and his little band of bonvivants were sworn never to reveal the place. This was the first time that its sacred threshold was to be crossed by the profane.

The Saintly City Delmonicoes were people of color. They, the host and hostess of the hostelry, did their own cooking and served the food themselves. While the courses were being enjoyed they took their stand, arms akimbo, in the doorway, and discoursed on the famous dishes they had cooked in old "Missoura." Mr. Delmonico had a philosophy of his own, and he regaled his guests with bits of it between the bites. His great hobby was that every man needed a balloon in order to widen his horizon, for life's outlook is very circumscribed even in its widest range.

'Varsity people particularly needed such a balloon as he described to observe that the world is not limited to the covers of books and collegiate walls. It was a comfort to the professors to find themseves in such liberal society and they stretched their legs under the pine with evident satisfaction.

What will not a dinner bring forth, especially when the viands are of the choicest! Quentin and Bob were rather embarrassed at first, but when the *soup* had loosened the tongues of the more learned members of the party, they found to their astonishment that they were entertaining mortals unawares. Quentin had never known that Yale was acquainted with the "cold bot and hot lob," nor that Princeton was a connoisseur of "omelets and perquisites." Bob listened with open-mouthed astonishment at the pranks that these very men had played on their profs. in days of yore. All parties became so genial that Quentin was tempted to relate just how and why he had planned this little farewell treat. He did so hope that

the treat would bring about the farewell part of the program. These three votes would save the day for him. He forgot his woes in the jollity of the occasion.

Senior exams. were over. Official counts of "credits" were made, and Quentin found that two "credits," the very missing "credits" were unearthed from some forgotten lectures on Hygiene. Quentin always believed that Hygiene had some relation to Cooking. The Muses of Philosophy, History, and German, were never called upon to explain.

J. REMINGTON VICTOR

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It was after midnight and Alpha Sigma Alpha was holding a meeting. The presiding officer, his feet on the table, was balancing his weight on two legs of the one chair. The football member was stretched upon the couch. For the rest, the floor seemed covered with a network of legs.

"Come on, I'm going to bed," growled Curly. "I've got a first-hour class in the morning."

"Hold on a minute," commanded the presiding officer, bringing his number tens to the floor with a bang, as eighteen or twenty boys began slowly to untangle the network above mentioned.

"There's one thing we have got to settle before initiation."

"I knew that was coming," the Deacon groaned. "You mean John Victor?"

"Yes, I do. Something's got to happen to that fellow."

"Well," said the Deacon firmly, "We've pledged him and we've got to stand by that anyway."

"I can't see it that way," came the strong voice of the football member from the couch. "I say break his pledge."

"Well, we've got to give him a fair chance," argued the Deacon. "He's your man, Flapjacks; what have you got to say for him?"

"No worse 'n the average," snapped the gentleman addressed.

"Flaps," said the presiding officer sternly, "that sort o' talk won't do. You can see just as well as I how that fellow has changed since he came to college. He's got the worst case of conceit you—"

"Kid was rushed blind and bid by the four best frats," interrupted Flapjacks. Flapjacks was plainly excited. This was an unusually long sentence.

"We know all that; but, just the same he's got to be cured. We can't have a pledged man making a nuisance of himself wherever he goes."

"Young idiot!" remarked the football member.

"Well, what's your scheme?" demanded the Deacon.

"Break his pledge," reiterated the voice from the couch.

"Hazing ought to do it. I'd like to see him squirm before the grand High Priest stunt that they tried on the Deacon last year," chuckled Curly.

Flapjacks shook his head vigorously. "Only make him mad."

"If we could stop him making bad puns by the yard, I could forgive anything," growled the presiding officer.

"Well, what you going to do?" demanded the

Deacon again. "Flaps says we can't haze him."

"The friendly-suggestion scheme doesn't work," replied the president. "I tried that myself and got a pun."

"O! let him alone," said Flapjacks.

"I think we'll have to haze the gentleman," drawled the Crank cheerfully, as he squirmed out from under the head of the lounge. "You fellows come up to my room to-morrow night and we'll have it over with." Dropping his pipe into his pocket, the Crank strolled across the room to the door, and went out.

The others were silent a moment, then the general opinion seemed to be that they might just as well haze him; it couldn't make him any worse. So the meeting broke up.

J. Remington Victor loitered down University Avenue on his way to class. It was a beautiful September morning. J. Remington felt particularly exuberant, so he began rolling a cigarette. He did not like to smoke; it made him sick. Therefore he rolled the cigarette slowly and os-

tentatiously, whistling as he walked. He was thinking about his own sudden popularity and his blood flowed warm in his veins as he reflected. Three weeks at college! They had been weeks during which upper classmen had daily, almost hourly, dropped into his room and led him off to countless festivities. In high school he had his little "crowd" and they had all been good comrades together, but not one of his mates had been "bid everything in college." What made the difference? He didn't have any more money than lots of the fellows; so it couldn't be that; it must be something about himself that they liked. In books, it was always the witty and brilliant boys who were popular. Was he witty? Well, the fellows had laughed at his jokes. Perhaps they *were* pretty good ones.

"Good morning, Mr. Victor." It was a girl's voice.

J. Remington took off his hat with a sweep, and when he replaced it, he set it rakishly upon one side. As he turned onto the campus, he heard

his own fraternity whistle. The Crank was just scrambling over the sand-pile on the site of the prospective bridge. J. Remington did not wait. He strolled along, his hands jammed into his pockets, till the Crank caught up.

"Hello!" drawled the Crank.

"Hello yourself" replied J. Remington.

"Come on up to my room tonight, Johnnie, the fellows are going to have a little spread. Better stay with me all night and not bother your landlady by going back late."

"Well, you can count on your uncle for anything like a feed," responded J. Remington with a slap on Crank's shoulder that made him wince.

"Well, so-long. There's Curly, and I've got to see him." The Crank strode away 'cross-lots.

"Victor," came a deep voice. J. Remington turned to see Flapjacks close behind him, his usually stoical face displaying considerable agitation.

"Howdy," said J. Remington.

"Goin' to Crank's tonight?" demanded Flapjacks.

"O, I guess so; I—"

"Keep your nerve and temper."

"Oho! Something in the wind? Are the fellows laying for me?" cried the freshman, rather pleased at the prospect.

"It'll come out right. Only keep your head."

"O, never mind about me. I'm no *green* freshman. They can't scare *me*. Where are you going?" as Flapjacks turned at the door of the main building.

"Greek."

"Well, good-bye. They won't get ahead of *me*." J. Remington felt of a muscle trained in boxing.

That evening the boy stumbled up the dark hall to the Crank's room and knocked. There was no answer, but he could hear talking and laughing inside, so he opened the door and went in. Most of the men were already there.

"Hello, fellows! Wonder you wouldn't have

a light in the hall. I came near breaking my neck climbing the stairs," he remarked, kicking his hat under the couch.

No one looked up and so J. Remington, thinking no one heard, repeated his remark. Still the others talked and laughed; still J. Remington's presence was unheeded. In bewilderment, he crossed the room and began to roll a cigarette.

Just then came a tap at the door. The foot ball member sprang to his feet and admitted Curly.

"Ha! Ha! says Foxy Quiller!" exclaimed that gentleman. "Flapjacks what's the matter with you. Methinks your eye is somewhat dim."

"Dim yours for you," answered Flapjacks, pleasantly, with a tug at his meerschaum.

"Bring that goo?" demanded the Deacon.

"Sure. I—Well, you young stiffs, it's about time you showed up." This last to two freshmen who were entering. A burst of jollity greeted them.

"Let's eat," suggested Flapjacks.

"Yes, you freshmen get out of here and bring in the spread," ordered the presiding officer.

J. Remington scrambled to his feet with the others but was promptly seized from behind and pulled down again. He turned in surprise, but no one seemed to have touched him.

"Who grabbed my coat?" he demanded.

"Guess I'll go out and oversee the children," remarked the presiding officer with a yawn.

"Hold on! Don't shut that door," called J. Remington, springing forward, only to run his head against the broad and apparently unconscious back of the foot ball member.

In due time the feast appeared. The freshmen who served were joked and bullied. Nobody joked J. Remington. It seemed strange. Perhaps they had decided not put him through any nonsense. Maybe they were afraid to risk making him mad.

"Here, my son, I want another sandwich," cried Curly to a freshman.

"I want one too," said J. Remington, who sat

at Curly's left. Was it by mistake that Curly passed the plate to Flapjacks, at his right? J. Remington seized Curly's sandwich; but even this act of boldness in a freshman failed to call forth any remonstrance. Curly simply reached for another sandwich. Some way John Remington did not feel as hungry as he had. In sheer desperation he addressed witty remarks to different men, calling them by name. Did no one hear? What was the matter?

After the spread, the other freshmen were tossed in a blanket and made to sing popular rhymes to hymn tunes. J. Remington made himself as conspicuous as possible. He laughed boisterously; he got in everybody's way; but they stumbled over him and went on. Not an eye met his; not a man of them all gave a sign that he knew of J. Remington Victor's existence.

One by one the boys drifted out. When all were gone but J. Remington and the Crank, the latter took up a book and began carelessly glancing down the pages.

"Well, sailboats and paddles, I can't stand this!" exclaimed J. Remington, plunging toward the door. "Give my love to the fellows." The door was locked. He turned back into the room, his eyes blazing.

"What's this for, I'd like to know?" he roared.

But the Crank was quietly undressing and seemed to be wrapped in his own thoughts. J. Remington undressed too, and succeeded in getting into bed first with a queer feeling in his stomach.,

The Crank turned out the light and followed without a word.

John Remington Victor heard the watch under his pillow tick off ten full minutes before either boy moved. It seemed ten hours. He could feel the blood scorching his cheeks and throbbing in his temples. His brain whirled and he could not think, only storm and rage to himself. What right had they? What had he done? Was he not—

Suddenly, through the transom, came the tink-

ling quaver of a mandolin, and someone sang:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Come down, little freshman, come down!
Take a reef in your hat-band and don't talk so loud!
Come down, freshie, come down!"

And then, suddenly John Victor understood. The blood went out of his brain with a rush; he felt weak and cold and dizzy, and something was struggling in the back of his throat that made it ache; for John Victor was only a boy after all, and one whose nerves had been considerably upset.

The bed-clothes stirred, just then, and, from off in the dark somewhere, a hand came over.

"Will you shake, Victor?" It was the Crank's voice. John Remington Victor turned over with a great gulp and shook.

"It's all right now, old fellow," whispered the Crank huskily.

"Thanks," and they solemnly shook hands again under the sheet.

On the way to class in the morning, Victor

and the Crank encountered Flapjack's anxious countenace, which relaxed as he heard the freshman's cheerful greeting.

"Morning," said Flapjacks to John Remington. "Post-office? Better hurry—eight twenty-seven now." And the two strode off.

"By Jove, Crank," cried Curly enthusiastically, when the others were gone. "What'd you do to him? Thought when I left, the chances were good you'd have a howling lunatic on your hands. Felt sorry for the little fellow. You wouldn't have thought he'd take it so hard."

"Easy enough," replied the Crank with a shrug. Let him think awhile, then offered to shake. He took it like a man. I like him. And, Curly, second time I shook hands with him I caught myself just in time to keep from giving him the grip."

"The day of wonders is not yet passed!" exclaimed Curly, after a long whistle.

A MUTUAL SCOOP

A MUTUAL SCOOP

Once upon a time (not so very many years ago) when the students of a certain university (rather less than a hundred miles from here) returned to college after the Christmas holidays, they found a new *Daily* in the field, challenging the old established sheet to battle royal.

Such an awakening as there was of would-be Danas! I suppose at least one out of every three college men has more or less definite journalistic ambitions; but, after all, journalism without competition is a deadly, dull, inglorious thing, and very much like work. For without competition there can be no "scoops" and to your true newspaper man "scoops" are the breath of life. Be-

fore, when there was only the old sheet, even its own appointed staff had shown a tendency to languish and drop away, but now—well, for the first week every man on the campus was reporting for one or the other.

Among the raw recruits enlisted by the rival camps in the first stress of the battle were two young gentlemen whom we may distinguish as Black and White, and they it is who are the heroes—and villains, too, for that matter—of this trifling tale.

For it happened that both these young men were sent out, one from each office, to "cover" the same "story," and that an important one—no less a matter than to interview the Athletic Manager and if possible get from him the gist of an article he was preparing for an eastern magazine on "Football in the West;" and further more they both arrived at the Manager's office at the same time.

It comes not within our purpose to describe their interview. The youngsters were just a little

flustered over their first assignment, but the Manager was kind-hearted, as well as considerably amused, and readily "gave up" the facts; Black and White in the meantime doing their best to look "keen" and "alert," as reporters should, asking questions whenever they could think of any, and taking voluminous notes, after the manner of "cubs."

Having told all he wished to, the Manager glanced at his watch and mentioned an engagement. "Stay here though, as long as you like," he added hospitably, "if you want to write while it's fresh in your mind, you know."

Both men availed themselves of this permission, on the principle of keeping an enemy in sight, I suppose, and drew up their chairs together at the table to which the Manager motioned them.

There they wrote their stories, sitting side by side, but keeping each half an eye on the other's movements. Black, of the new paper, in particular, being suspicious by nature, took care to put

each sheet into his overcoat pocket as fast as it was written.

Just as he was about done, White suddenly got up, went over to a bookcase in one corner of the room, and began to examine its contents, apparently with rapt interest. In so doing he left his "copy" lying on the desk right by Black's elbow.

Black was smitten by a sore temptation. What if he should grab these sheets and make off? The matter consisted largely of quotations and figures which White could not possibly reproduce out of his head, and the Manager was gone— it would mean a "scoop," as sure as fate. All the "scoop" stories he had ever read came thronging back to him—tales of wild rides by night, thirty and forty miles, through flood and fire and savage foes and I know not what beside, to get a "story" in six hours ahead of rivals; nay, a story of a reporter, who, killed in a railroad accident, came back in the spirit and furnished his paper with a full exclusive account of the disaster, his own name in

the list of the dead! And should one stop at petit larceny?

Quickly he rose and slipped the sheets under his coat. "Guess I'm done, White," he called, "So long," and made for the door. But he needn't have hurried. White was absorbed in a book.

Well, he hurried to the office, and told his tale. "You'll do," said the editor, "Where's your copy?"

Black pulled out the sheets he had "swiped."

"That's the other fellow's, isn't it? Where's your own?"

"Oh, in my pocket here," and he pulled out—just one sheet, the last he had written. "Why, that's funny! I must have lost it out someway."

The editor puzzled a moment. "You say you and White were writing at the same desk. Which of your pockets was next to White?"

"Why, this one, but—"

"Yes, and, by jove, he picked your papers out! And when he saw you were nearly through he went to the bookcase to hide them in case you

missed them and accused him. If you haven't "scooped" each other!"

Each paper the next morning contained a leading article written by a reporter of the rival sheet.

THE PASSING OF PERCIVAL

THE PASSING OF PERCIVAL

Percival Everett Gates was a sophomore. Aside from having attained to the awful dignity of the second year class Percival had never achieved any particular distinction during his ten months of university life, and those who claimed to know him best declared that he never would. He was not an energetic fellow. In fact the dominant trait of his character, if this characteristic can be said to dominate over anything, was his entire lack of energy. In his high school days Percival has been known as a "dub," and in cases of extreme provocation as a "punk dub." After he had been two months at the university this appellation was changed to "lobster," the latter title being regarded as quite as trite and expressive as

the former and more in conformity with university usage. for the enlightenment of those to whom these terms are a little vague, it may be said that "dub" and "lobster" are synonomous. Even Percival's mother, who, like most mothers, thought her son a paragon of all the virtues, admitted that "Percival's was a very passive nature." Mrs. Gates was the president of a woman's club given to spending its afternoons in "child study" and other cultured pursuits, and it is to be presumed that she knew what she was talking about. Other people, less charitably disposed toward Percival, and, let it be hoped, less well informed as to the true inwardness of his nature, said that he was lazy.

When Percival became a sophomore, he at once conceived that he had risen to the very pinnacle of earthly ambition, and, if possible, he became more "passive" than ever. Having attained to this Olympian height of glory, he became acutely conscious of his own superiority over other people in general and especially of the tremendous

gulf which yawned between himself and all freshmen groundlings. When his state of mind became known to the public it did not add to his popularity. Indeed, after about two months of his sophomore year had elapsed, Percival became famed throughout the length and breadth of the university as the "most thoroughly useless swelled-head in the whole sophomore class," and this from a freshman point of view was saying a good deal. Percival was tall and slender. He was even handsome in an effeminate sort of way. He danced and dressed well and hence enjoyed some popularity with the co-eds. This seeming advantage was offset by the fact that the brutal football players early learned to speak of him as "Percy, the Perfect Lady."

Down at the Delta Pi frat house where Percival lived, he was known as "Peg." The name was taken from his initials. "It was very appropriate," Ratcliffe, who had dubbed him, naively observed, "because, you know, a peg is a kind of a stick." It had always been a great source of

satisfaction to the members of the other fraternities to know that Percival was a Delta Pi. At the end of the rushing season, after the Deltas had gathered into their fold the choicest and most promising of the freshman "lambs," it was a great consolation to them to remark, "By the way, Gates is a Delta Pi, isn't he?"

In fact the Delta Pis had made a mistake in Percival's case, although, of course, they never admitted it outside of their own fraternal circle. The Deltas were perhaps the most conservative and desirable society in the institution, and usually their pledge men were picked with considerable discretion. In Percival's case, however, they had been misled. He had been recommended to them with many laudatory adjectives by Borton, a graduate member. It had been a busy season, and the Deltas had unwisely taken Borton's word for it and pledged Percival in a hurry. They afterwards learned that Borton was at the time an applicant for a position in Percival's father's bank.

One Sunday morning Percival rolled out of bed in time for dinner and was introduced to a new man named Fletcher. Fletcher was regarded as a great catch in fraternity circles, and the Delta Pis were looking him over. He was heralded as a brilliant student, an accomplished musician, and came to the university unusually well recommended from a number of sources. Besides this, he enjoyed the distinction of being a hypnotist possessed of unusual powers, and in conjunction with his regular course he was taking special psychological studies. The most striking part of Fletcher's personality was his eyes, which were large, deep and powerful, and his hands, which seemed to crawl over things he wished to pick up. Despite these uncanny peculiarities, however, he was a rather attractive looking young fellow and, as turned out afterwards, made a good frat man.

He had been asked down to dinner and to "meet the fellows." The invitation had been extended in a careless, offhand way, but neverthe-

less considerable preparation had been made for the occasion. The parlors, which had been carefully dusted, were decked with autumn leaves, and the windows were resplendent with new curtains. A new jardinere containing an umbrella palm stood in the hallway and served to hide an ugly hole which "Scuffy" Naylor and "Dogs" Miller had kicked out of the plaster in one of their frequent rough-and-tumble scraps. The marks which Ratcliffe's cigarettes had left on the piano top had been polished away, and then obliterated entirely by a new piano cover. The library floor boasted of a new rug, and the study table, usually occupied by Ratcliffe's penuchle deck, labored under a volume of Tain's English Literature and a copy of the Bible, resurrected from its grave amidst the dust and cockroaches of a bottom shelf. It will thus be seen that every effort was being made to bring out prominently the bright side of fraternity life. It was therefore essential that after the introduction Percival should be promptly and ruthlessly relegated to

the background, with the other objectionable features.

During the dinner the conversation naturally drifted into a discussion of occult sciences and Fletcher was given an opportunity to air his views on the subject. He, of course, was interested and had a good deal to say. In the course of his remarks he stated that almost any one could be brought under the hypnotic influence. Percival, who had wearied of the background and didn't like this hero-worshipping business anyway, flatly contradicted him at this stage and declared that he didn't believe any man living could hypnotize him.

"Of course," continued Fletcher, absent mindedly, "the subject must at least be of average intelligence. I didn't mean to include feeble minded persons in that general rule."

Percival choked over his coffee and mentally vowed to black-ball him.

After dinner the crowd pulled their chairs together around the open fireplace, and lighted the

cigars, which on special occasions of this kind were always had on the "house." When it grew late and the shadows commenced to flicker across the walls as the flames danced and gamboled in the fireplace, Fletcher launched off into a series of weird reminiscences that made Percival glance uneasily over his shoulder into the dim and ghostly recesses of the library and then pull his chair closer to the fire. Afterwards the lamps were lighted, and Fletcher, just to show that his knowledge of telepathy wasn't all theory, made Cundy forget that he had a headache, and persuaded Ratcliffe that the smoking room was an orchard, and had him hopping around on one leg picking imaginary fruit from the ceiling, much to the wonder and amusement of the other frat men. When the crowd broke up and Fletcher left, the members of the Delta Pi fraternity had been duly impressed. They gathered around the fireplace where the red embers were beginning to die in their shrouds of grey ashes, and swore by all that was good and holy to brand him with their sacred

symbol ere two short weeks had fled, or wear sack cloth and ashes during the rest of the semester.

Percival wasn't quite as enthusiastic over him as some of the others. The revelation that Fletcher could do some of the things he had talked about had rather awed him. He went to bed that night and dreamed that Fletcher had hypnotized him, started him across Niagara Falls on a slack wire and then when he had reached the middle of the stream had brought him out of the trance.

Three weeks later Fletcher was initiated. It is a matter of history in the annals of the Delta Pi fraternity that his initiation surpassed all previous efforts in the performance of this important rite. At its conclusion even Percival, who through fear of the consequences had broken his vow when the ballot was taken, was satisfied. He considered that he had "taken it out of Fletcher's hide." Indeed, Fletcher himself was satisfied. When he made his appearance late the following morning and was asked how he felt, he remarked

that he couldn't feel at all yet; he hadn't got over being numb.

It was some weeks after this that Percival came into his room to find Fletcher and half a dozen of the fellows smoking there. This was an unusual circumstance, for Percival's dislike for tobacco was well known and he wasn't usually bothered with much company. Cundy had his dirty boots on his bed, and "Dogs" was sitting on the chair over which Percival's best trousers had been laid. Ratcliffe, as usual, was smoking cigarettes, and the row of "dead ones" he had laid on the top of Percival's new book case indicated that the crowd had been there for some time.

Percival went over to his dresser, revolving these outrages in his mind, and trying to devise some way of getting the gang out of the room.

"Look here, Peg," said Fletcher, "do you see those cigarette butts over there. Ain't that an outrage against decent, civilized humanity! Just think of them!—fix your mind on them."

Percival did. About the first thing he noticed

afterwards was a peculiar drowsy feeling which came over him suddenly, and then the lights seemed to go out. Again that sensation of drowsiness attacked him. He felt the hot blood rushing to his temples, and his head sang like a tea-kettle. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he was being hypnotized, and he turned and grasped the top of his dresser in an agonized effort to overcome the influence which stupefied him. Instantly his mind cleared and he turned towards his companions.

"It's no use, boys," he said, "You can't do it. Turn on those lights."

The lights were turned on, but they seemed to burn in a dull, yellow haze. Percival opened his dresser and took out a pistol he saw there.

"Fletcher!" he said, furiously, "you're at the bottom of all this. What have I ever done to you, that you should practice your damned black art on me? You came into this frat bound by every instinct of honor to treat me like a brother, and the first thing you do is to try to work some of

your devilish tricks on me. I know what you want. You want to get me into your power. You want me to bow my proud spirit to your will, and follow you around like a puppy. Pretty soon I'd be picking pockets for you; then it would be burglarizing and then murder. I never liked you, you measly cad; I've always hated and distrusted you—with your cursed eyes and your snaky hands—and now, when I realize what a monster you are I propose to rid the world of you!"

Percy levelled his pistol. He was very much in earnest. In his imagination he saw Fletcher stricken down, dying from various wounds and in various positions. He saw a form which heaved and grovelled on the floor; he saw the blood gush forth in a black, torpid stream; he saw the hands which reached out convulsively and grappled with the shadows, and he stood back, stunned by the consequences of his act.

Then he came to.

It was an extremely amusing thing, the fellows thought. The passive, the harmless Percival

gyrating around his own room, doing murder with an old, silver-mounted pipe in his hand, but there was entirely too much tragedy about it to suit Percival.

The next day Percival Everett Gates presented his resignation to the Delta Pis, and the frat which knew him, knew him no more.

OUT OF EGYPT

OUT OF EGYPT

The outer doors were banging violently, and the snow was blowing in small whirling gusts half way across the corridor. In the dim light the deserted post office looked bare and empty.

Running in late in the evening to look for mail had become a habit of mine, a habit which had brought me back tonight, after an hour or more of burrowing among Egyptian antiquities, in spite of the storm howling over the campus. Consciousness of the fact that I was upon the very verge of unraveling the secret of the Ramasis inscriptions rendered me insensible alike to wind and cold.

As I entered, a girl, standing across the room with her back toward me, was looking out into the night. A momentary wonder as to the reason

for her presence in such a place at such an hour struck me. Then I entirely forgot her for something, indistinguishable at that distance, was protruding from my mail box.

What is it that renders the sudden fulfillment of a long deferred hope so startling? As I hurried across the room and drew forth the unexpected missive my fingers trembled. I became conscious that the girl in the corner had faced about and was quietly watching me.

In my hand I held a long official-looking blue envelope, sealed with red, its face half obliterated by indistinguishable postmarks, and addressed in foreign characters to G. D. Barton, University of Minnesota. As I held it up to the flaring light in a vain effort to decipher the hieroglyphics of the postmarks, the girl, as though she had suddenly arrived at a decision, emerged from the shadow and came toward me.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered in the softest accents, "but I have been reading upstairs, and had entirely forgotten how late it was grow-

ing. I am quite alone here and the storm is—"

"Increasing rapidly," I answered quickly. "It would be most unwise of you to venture out alone. If you will give me your arm, and tell me your destination I will gladly assist you."

"But you have forgotten your letter," she interrupted, pointing toward it. "It looks important."

"It can wait," I answered, "unless—of course—if you insist."

I broke the seal, ripped up the edge, and drew forth an ordinary sheet of note paper inclosing a small brass key of most curious and unusual workmanship. Unfolding the paper I proceeded to discover its purport, the young woman meanwhile looking over my shoulder.

Mr. G. D. Barton—Dear Sir—it began.

Recent investigations among your late uncle's have revealed some startling disclosures. Some of them intimately relate to yourself, and accordingly I have taken the liberty of forwarding to

your address, "The Black Box," which will sufficently explain itself. Respectfully yours,

J. D. Read, Attorney.

"Our family lawyer," I said, replying to the question in my fair companion's eyes and immediately wondering why I did so. "What does this mean; do you know?"

The look that came into her face was probably due to the gas light. She shook her head slowly.

"How could I?" she answered. "It's queer. It sounds like something out of the Arabian Nights, doesn't it? They must have left the Black Box in your rooms. Ugh, it gives one cold shivers! Ain't you crazy to see it?"

I couldn't deny that I was; but I promptly remembered my duty.

"First," I said, "I shall see you safe in the home where you belong on this kind of a night. Hear the wind howl!"

She smiled, tucked her arm into mine, and we started.

The part of knight errant was a new one to

me, but I had long since discovered that the lady was fair, and had the elements been less wildly boisterous the adventure would not have been unwelcome. As it was we were both hard put to keep our faces into the storm without attempting any gallantries. He who has fought through a Minnesota blizzard will appreciate the situation. Not an inch could we see before us, and the icy fall cut like needles. Before we were half way to the crossing I knew what had happened,—the street cars were hopelessly blocked and my new friend entirely at my mercy.

"Thank heaven," I stuttered, blurting my words in the intervals of less violence "there's a warm fire waiting round the corner, and my landlady, good old soul, will be a regular mother to you."

Her grasp on my arm tightened. "O!" she gasped, "you don't think I must stay here all night.

"I'm afraid so," I answered. "But don't worry. We'll make you as cosy as can be; and telephone

your people so they won't worry. Here we are at my door. A plague on that latch key! Why haven't they lighted the hall?"

I dragged her in—there's no other way of putting it, and we confronted our second misfortune. Mrs. Brown, as genial a soul as breathes, but suspicious, having gone down town and locked up all her part of the house, had not returned and was probably snowed in over the river.

I threw open the door of my bachelor library, and knelt down by the open fire to blow up the ashes. The girl came half way in, glanced round, comprehended, and sat down staring.

On the table, topping a pile of books, stood the "Black Box."

"That's it," I ventured laconically, hoping she accepted the situation.

She pulled the strings of her cap a bit viciously and a curl escaped and rippled down over her forehead.

"Aren't you going to open it?" she asked piquantly. "I'm eaten with curiosity."

"You do it," I answered, snapping the cord and handing over the key, while the firelight flared up grotesquely on the brass knobs and corners of the Box.

Kneeling she slipped in the key, snapped the lock, and threw back the lid.

"Where have I seen you before," I said boldly, looking down at her."

"In the Romance. Don't you remember? You're Barton, the Egyptology specialist, and mortally interested in relics, aren't you?"

She dipped her finger into the box, and drew out a mass of cracking parchment, and an oblong green bottle.

"Here's a note," she cried, picking it out and emptying the box. "Read it."

I turned up the light and read:

"These are the relics of a Chinese professor slain in the Jafta War. Sprinkled with liquid from the green flask they will disclose the true solution of whatever problem chiefly perplexes

their possessor. Once used they are forever useless.

The girl was watching me with a queer light in the corners of her eyes.

"Do you believe it?" she whispered. "Do you believe it?"

"I don't know," I answered, lifting the flask between thumb and finger and watching the flash of its scintillating sparkles. "Xmathon tells of forgotten papyrus capable of revealing dark and mighty secrets. Why not this?"

"Try it."

Was she speaking, or was it my soul urging?

"What shall I ask it? Is there anything weighty enough to need the invocation of the past and the dead. Tell me," I pleaded, "what shall I ask it?"

She rose and stood beside me,—tall, graceful, womanly. She lifted the green flask swiftly, and held it high over the sheets of ancient parchment The liquid leaped, and danced, and poured in a flood of mellow gold shine.

"Ask it," she whispered. "Ask it—What you are?"

With clasped hands we waited. A flush was running over the warming papyrus. Faint lines were growing on it. An instant, and in characters with something foreign about them, flashed out the one word.

"Sold!"

The girl was looking into my eyes.

A FRESHMAN AND HIS FRIENDS

A FRESHMAN AND HIS FRIENDS

"That man Bissel has got to have an initiation that he will remember," said Barett one day when a few of the fellows were talking over the new pledge man.

"Yes," said little Johnny Green, "we'll boob him proper. I wonder who he thinks he is, anyway. He accepted the bid as though he was going to do us an honor instead of our doing him one. You bet he'll get an initiation."

"The Royal Bumpers will be too good for him," drawled Ford. "He'll have to have something excruciating—something that will rack his brain."

"Say, fellows," said Corley, "what's the matter with the proposing stunt? It's old, I know, but it will be new to the Freshman, and I understand that he likes Miss Ewing pretty well."

"I should think he did," interrupted Barett. "I haven't been up there to call once in the last six weeks but that he has been there."

"When shall we have it happen?" asked Barney, who had been made house-manager in recognition of his executive ability.

"What's the matter with the night of the informal next week?" answered Corley. "We can fix up the den with a screen or two and put you under the davenport to see that Bissel does the job properly."

"All right," acquiesced Barett. "You arrange things, Barney. I am going to fetch Miss Ewing, and we can request the freshman to bring no girl. And say, Corley, have you got that eight-karat piece of glass of yours yet? We can use that for the engagement ring."

Corley said that he had, and so they went on with the arrangement of the details.

Barett had met Bissel at one of Miss Ewing's "At Homes" a little before the rushing season had begun. The girl had given Barett all the necessary information concerning Bissel and his family and had told him that she would drive a spike for Chi Rho if they wanted the man. Barett had thanked her and said that he would look him up.

It was with great difficulty, however, that Barett had made a date with Bissel the next day. While Bissel had not said so, yet Barett had found out that it was because of a number of engagements with other fraternities. However, he had finally succeeded in getting him to lunch for the following noon.

That fact of Bissel's being rushed by a number of fraternities at the same time created no little interest in the man, and so it was no wonder that on the day that he came to lunch, Parmley, the steward, had muttered things under his breath

and had whispered quietly, but fiercely, to the fellows not to send their plates back twice, for the whole fraternity was there *en masse*.

Bissel had deported himself carefully and consistently, and there had been none of that bashfulness manifest in him, which in some really good men tends to create a bad impression. When he had been asked to sing, he sang. And when he had been asked to play he played, not bashfully and with a scared look, nor yet in a forward manner and with conceit. He had done it naturally and spontaneously; just as though it were a common occurrence with him to display his talents before a crowd of critical fellows.

In an ordinary man this apparent nonchalance would have displeased them. But he seemed to conduct himself with such lack of self-consciousness that the fellows had rather liked his unconcern.

It was not, however, until they had come to bid him that he had done anything that incurred their displeasure. The bidding committee had asked

him the old stock question, "What do you think of fraternities in general?" and he had made answer, "While I think they are a good thing, yet I don't believe they are the only thing in a man's college life. And while I shall certainly join one if I ever am so fortunate as to get a bid, yet I shall be perfectly happy and content if I do not."

Ordinarily a man would have been dropped on the instant after this speech; but the fellows wanted him, and knowing that he would probably be snapped up by some other frat, had overlooked his rather pointed remarks and bid him.

He had then sprung another surprise on them. He told them that as they had no doubt looked him up it was no more than right that they give him time to look them up.

This had rather disconcerted the committee. For they had been used to entirely different reasons, such as the necessity of writing home to "Father," or of considering the expenses of fraternity life. But this precautious freshman seemed to have original methods of his own.

And so it was that the fellows intended to be very severe with Bissel. They realized that with an old man like him such a test as pouring ice-cold mercury into his hands for boiling lead would be of no value. On the other hand, forcing him to propose to a girl of whom he thought a great deal might try even his composure. Hence the arrangement of the den with palms and screens galore, and the placing therein of the davenport nicely arranged for two.

A little before the guests began to arrive for the evening a couple of the fellows called Bissel up to their room.

"Bissel," said Barney, closing the door, "initiation begins for you tonight. Remember, my son, that these are the times that try men's souls, and that if you have any desire to turn back, you should express it now or else forever hold your peace. Are you prepared?"

"I am," said Bissel simply. "But I thought that this was to be a party?"

"It is," drawled Ford, "and you are to furnish the amusement. Are you fully prepared?"

"I am."

"All right. Now then, listen to your instructions. You know Miss Ewing, do you not?"

"I do."

"Well, first you are to secure the second, fifth, ninth and eleventh dances with her. You know her well enough for that do you not?"

"I—do."

"Second, you are to pay her marked attention all the evening. Not such as may make her conspicuous, but so that she will notice it."

"Third, during the eleventh dance you are to conduct her to the den and in your sweetest and most melodious voice ask her to become your wife. Will you do this?"

"I—will."

"Here, then, freshman, is a ring that you may do the deed up properly. And now you may go."

But they did not know that there was a broad

grin on the freshman's face as he walked slowly down the stairs.

"Didn't seem to fuss him much, did it?" said Barney, after Bissel had gone.

"Oh, it isn't fussing him any, now," drawled Ford. "The full significance of the thing hasn't had time to sink in yet. But that immaculate collar of his will begin to wilt about the time the girl begins to murmur softly, "Thith ith tho thudden.' I'd give a five to be under the davenport in Barett's place tonight."

Soon after this the couples began to arrive.

The dance was to be held in the goat-room, and as Miss Ewing and Barett entered the hall, Bissel met them. Miss Ewing shook hands with Bissel very effusively, and, as Barett excused himself to fetch the programs, Bissel said a few hurried words to her in a low voice. At first she looked puzzled, then amazed, and finally a knowing little smile broke over her face.

Barett came back at this time and after taking his dances, handed her card to Bissel.

"I am going to take four dances with you, Miss Ewing. May I?" said Bissel.

"Don't you think that is two too many?" answered Miss Ewing with a raise of the eyebrows. "My partner has only three dances with me—but if you really want them, I suppose you—," and Bissel put them down.

Barett sat out the second dance, looking rather glum.

"What's the matter?" asked Ford, sauntering up. "Isn't the game running smoothly?"

"Altogether too smooth," growled Barett. "Why, he didn't have any more trouble than a rabbit getting those dances, and there I only had three, and I brought her."

"Huh," muttered Ford, ambling away. "Game seems to be fussing the wrong man. But Bear can't kick—Miss Ewing was his own suggestion."

The rest of the evening Barett's face kept getting longer and longer, and his answers to the fellows when they spoke to him about Bissel, shorter and shorter, so that it was a veritable bear

that solemnly crawled under the davenport at the end of the tenth dance.

As the strains of the eleventh came floating into the den, two people entered and seated themselves on the davenport.

"Miss Ewing—Clara—" said the man, after a few moments of small talk, "I have something important to say to you."

"Well, Will, what is it," murmured Miss Ewing, leaning comfortably back in the cushions.

There was a slight noise under the davenport at the familiar use of first names.

"Well, the fact is—Clara, for a long time now I have been desperately in love with you, and I take this opportunity of asking you to become my—" At this point there was a great commotion under the davenport and Barett scrambled out. A string of dusty cobwebs was hanging from one eyebrow and one end of his collar had slipped its moorings.

"Don't accept him," cried Barett. "Don't ac-

cept him. He doesn't mean it, it's only part of his—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Bissel, giving Barett a cold stare. "Who is doing this proposing, anyway? I shall continue—and I take this opportunity of asking you to become my wife."

"Won't you be the first to congratulate us, Mr. Barett?" said Miss Ewing, smiling radiantly at him.

"I beg your pardon," said Barett, flushing to the roots of his hair, "I certainly do—and—and would you be offended if I asked Mr. Bissel to take you home tonight?"

"Certainly not," murmured Clara, as she went out on Bissel's arm on their way to the dressing-room.

Before Bissel slipped on his coat he wrote a card and stuck it in the mirror.

"Fellows," it ran, "the next time you have occasion to make a man do 'excruciating stunts' don't choose a girl from the Dramatic Club. And don't give a fellow so much time with her before

the appointed hour. You can plan a whole lot in three dances. If it will comfort Barett any, tell him that we are not engaged and that Miss Ewing wants him to come up tomorrow night the same as usual."

MISUNDERSTOOD

MISUNDERSTOOD

Jimmy Doane had never been what one would term a "conventional person." In fact, the utter inability of even his best friends to predicate, from what Jimmy did on Monday, the things he would do on Tuesday, had become proverbial, and people accepted it, along with his cheerful independence and ready wit, as a part of his general fascination. His vagaries usually took the form of experiments in everything, from philosophy to physical exercise, and at one period in his college course he had been so ardently interested in sociology that—but that does not concern this tale. And none of his preceding adventures into the unexpected could explain to the college world at large why, in his senior year, Jimmy Doane

should have, in one short month, made his appearance as a contributor of verse to the Magazine, and "taken up with" Elihu Chick, the "class freak."

The poem might have been explained, on the grounds of sudden inspiration, but the companionship of Elihu was not so easily accounted for. For what could Jimmy Doane,—rich, clever, popular Jimmy Doane—find in a fellow like Elihu Chick? The latter had been a marked man from the day when, as a freshman, he came riding up the college walk on an antiquated bicycle, with his long coat tails flying behind him and a dilapidated derby that crowded down upon his shelf-like ears. He came to the first class meeting and made a speech in the first five minutes,—"something about the rights of something-or-other," Dick Mason said,—and was promptly elected "Class Prodigy" for his pains. And since then, that tall, gaunt figure with its queer, lined face and staring eyes, had been the object of almost every college joke known to the student body.

Elihu never seemed to mind; he wished no friends, apparently, and made none; went nowhere, and was evidently too busy looking after other people's rights to realize that his own were being infringed upon.

It all began, really, in the spring term of Jimmy's junior year, when the retiring Magazine board chose that gentleman, among others, to succeed them the following year. Jimmy was amused, and said many funny things about his election before the University closed, but he came back in the fall quite exalted in spirit over his opportunities and duties as a magazine editor. He plunged into his work as "chief literary hustler"—so Dick, the business manager, unfeelingly called him—with ardor, and got out a first number which elicited much praise from the Faculty, and caused three alumni to pay their subscriptions. Jimmy did no writing himself, but he hunted up people who could, and strove night and day for the cause,—for two months. Then the reaction set in, and for two weeks Editor Doane de-

voted himself to leisure, when he was not "rushing" Miss Earle, an attractive freshman. The consequence was that when he awoke once more to the cares of life,—the day after Miss Earle refused his invitation to the Junior Ball, because she was going with a freshman of his own fraternity,—he found, on consulting the calendar, that publication-day was just four days away. He was further informed by the editor-in-chief that all the 'ads" were in, and that they were now waiting for his copy.

Jimmy whistled reflectively " 'Twelve o'clock and not a dish washed,' in the language of the immortal Shakespeare!" he said, pensively. The editor-in-chief,—Merrill, by name, grinned coldly.

"Come up to my room tonight at seven, sharp, for a meeting," he said, "and meantime, *get busy*." And off he went.

"Yes ma'am," said Jimmy meekly.

That night, promptly at seven o'clock, Mr Doane presented himself at Merrill's room. Dick Mason, the business manager was there also, and

greeted Jimmy with a curt "Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" Dick thoroughly enjoyed "sitting upon" other evil doers, when his own skirts were clear.

"Oh, quite a lot," returned Jimmy, unabashed. "I jollied Miss De Witt for an hour this afternoon, and she's going to write us a poem over night."

"Poor girl!" murmured Merrill.

"Well—?" This again from Dick.

"Don't be so harsh with me, darling," Jimmy said, plaintively;—"I got Tibbetts to give me two short stories from his sophomore rhetoric class. —there they are,"—and he threw the papers on the table,—"And last, but not least," impressively, "I got Dr. Sargent to promise a leader on the 'Strike proposition.' You know the Doctor takes a pretty conservative stand, and Chidester, the junior, had a way-up paper on the other side—last week; laboring man's point of view, you know,— so I put a note in his box tonight, asking him to get his paper into printable shape by tomorrow night."

"Well,"—Dick's brow cleared,—"you're not so bad, but don't leave things till the last minute, another time. By the way," he added with a chuckle, "we ought to ask Elihu Chick for a few remarks on the subject. He's a red-hot, raging 'Rights-of-the-Laboring-man' orator."

"Oh, is he?" broke in Merrill, "well, I should rather think! You should have seen him the other night down at the Republican Club. He started an impromptu debate with Horace Waite on the subject, and Horace calmly led him on until Brother Elihu was in too far to get out, and then he just tied him up in about fourteen yards of argument and left him to untangle himself, so to speak."

"Your pronouns are a trifle mixed," commented Dick, "but we get the idea."

Jimmy opened his eyes wide—"That's what Elihu was buzzing Dr. Sargent about today," he said. "I met 'em on the walk; wish I'd asked the Chick to do that paper, instead of Chidester," he went on, with a grin, "wouldn't he just do it,

though, and wouldn't the Doctor just gnash his hair at being answered by such a freak? Of course we couldn't run the thing though," he added regretfully, "but it would have been a lark to read. Well, I must amble on. Goodnight, fellows," and Jimmy shouldered himself into his top coat and departed.

The next morning at chapel time the editor-in-chief met Jimmy on the library steps. "We're in a nice hole!" he said. "Chidester wasn't at class last hour, and it seems he's out of town; called home yesterday noon, and won't be back till Tuesday."

Jimmy looked at him blankly. "Then who took my note out of Chidester's box?" he demanded.

"How do you know it's gone?"

"Went and looked just now. Wanted to be sure he'd got it, all safe."

"When did you put it in?"

"Yesterday; sixth hour."

"Well, he went at noon, so *he* didn't get it, that's sure. Was it addressed to him?"

dester's note, and placed it in the wrong box. And as Elihu had also written a paper on the same subject, for the same class, it was easy enough to guess how, not being blessed with much of the saving grace of common sense, he had assumed that the note was meant for him.

Ten minutes later, Jimmy and Merrill and Dick were assembled in the "Mag." room, with the document spread out before them. At first they only laughed silently, but as they got deeper into the long involved sentences, with their ambiguous pronouns, bad construction, and time-worn figures of speech, they shouted aloud. And when they reached the climax of his oration—for it was in no sense a magazine article,—Jimmy suddenly mounted the table, rumpled his hair and twisted his tie with a quick gesture, and, throwing his arms wildly aloft, launched into Elihu's concluding burst of eloquence in a voice so like that of the original that his confreres lay back in their chairs and howled with mirth. "Fellow-citizens," shrieked Jimmy , "the face of the working man

has long been gr-r-ound into the dust," and the orator set his teeth and glared fiercely. "We must rise in our might against this monster—this octopus—" And then, very suddenly, the door opened, and Elihu Chick confronted them.

It might have been very ludicrous still, if Elihu's face had not been so white and drawn; as it was there was absolute silence in the room, while Jimmy clambered down from the table and Merrill and Dick straightened themselves in their chairs. Merrill was the first to speak.

"Did—did—anything we can do for you, Mr. Chick?" he said awkwardly enough. Elihu tried once to speak, and could not. Then a dull flush crept over his long, sallow face, from chin to brow. "Give me my manuscript!" he said.

"Why, really, you know," began Merrill, "we wanted to—"

"Yes!" cried Elihu Chick, "you wanted to—to make a mockery of me and my work! I came here to see you about it, and I have stood here and heard you,—heard you *laugh* at what I have

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"Yes!" cried Elihu Chick, "you wanted to—to make a mockery of me and my work! I came here to see you about it, and I have stood here and heard you,—heard you *laugh* at what I have

gone without food for twenty-four hours to write! I might have known"—his voice broke. He strode over to Jimmy, who still held the manuscript. "Give that to me," he said hoarsely, and snatching it from Doane's unresisting hands, he tore it twice across, threw the pieces upon the floor,—and was gone.

Jimmy did not come to supper that night, but it was well past supper-time when he found his way up the steep stairs to the back room where Elihu lived. The house was a typical "cheap boarding-house," stuffy and ill kept, and Elihu "did chores" and "waited on table" for his food and room. Jimmy found him sitting in the dark, and he did not even rise as his visitor entered. He seemed quite spent by his emotions of the afternoon.

"I suppose it is Mr. Doane," he said wearily. "You'll find some matches just at your right, there,—on the table." Then, as Jimmy struck one from his pocket, and lit the lamp, he added, "I

suppose you have come to talk about the—the paper?"

Jimmy looked about him, at the bare room, at the man,—too overcome by his disappointment to offer a stranger even the common courtesies, and all the things he had meant to say departed from his mind. "No," he said, "I've come to beg your pardon, and to ask you to supper with me."

Jimmy Doane could be very winning when he set about it, but it took even Jimmy a long time to make Elihu understand that his getting the note was simply a mistake and not a premeditated practical joke. "There have been so many jokes, you see," he said half apologetically. But they set off at last, and, over a hot supper, Jimmy gradually got the whole story. It was not a very unusual one,—simply another case of a man with little education, less physique and no money, but enough impossible ideas to overbalance all his limitations. Elihu Chick wished to be a reformer, a sort of combination of Henry George, William Lloyd Garrison and Henry Ward Beecher, as

nearly as Jimmy could make out. The man had come raw from the farm to make his way at the University, and Doane half smiled as the incongruity of it all came home to him. But he did not smile at the mention of some of the petty insults and real privations which Elihu admitted having suffered during his three years at college. It had never occurred to Jimmy Doane that anybody could be actually hungry and cold, who sat in the same classes with himself; nor that even the "class freak" might be suffering tortures because of some "josh" gotten up for the amusement of "the fellows."

After he left Elihu at the latter's lodgings, that night, Jimmy went to his own room, and, under a sudden impulse, wrote his first,—and last —poem. He called it "Misunderstood," and carried it to the printer, next day, with the other manuscript, merely telling Merrill that he had some copy to take the place of the missing article on "Strikes." And when Merrill saw the "copy" he said nothing, but thought much. The

English professor said a great deal, however, of an altogether complimentary nature, and Jimmy's friends said "they didn't know he had it in him." Whereupon Jimmy said he didn't, either.

But Elihu Chick began, presently, to look better fed, and happier. His face gradually lost its strained look, and toward spring he was even heard to laugh, once or twice,—usually at something Jimmy Doane said, however,—for he and Jimmy went about more or less together, and on Commencement Day they marched to the Armory side by side. People ceased to wonder about it all, after a while, and nobody will ever know quite what, or how much Jimmy did, but it is certain that when he went abroad, after graduation, none of his steamer letters,—save one—pleased him so much as one from a little town in Southern Minnesota, where dwelt a Reformer who had given up reforming for farming, and who signed himself Jimmy's "happy and grateful friend,"

"Elihu Chick."

THE BARKER TWINS

THE BARKER TWINS

The fellows pulled chairs up to the fire, lighted their pipes and waited. It was Graduate's turn for the story. Last evening the Senior had spoken. "It's a good one," the Grad had said after the tale had been brought to a close, "but I can go you one better." It was very late then and as there was no Freshman present the fire in the grate had gone out. Consequently they had decided to wait until another time.

Every precaution had been taken for making the affair a success. According to custom each Freshman had brought up an armful of wood, a fire had been lighted in both grates and Jim Wal-

lace had been designated to keep these fires burning.

The Graduate removed his pipe from his mouth and began, "I suppose all of you fellows have heard of the Barker Twins. They had quite a name around college and if you've ever seen the old Naughty one or two Gophers you'll remember them. I'll admit they had a bad reputation and queered themselves pretty well with the faculty but others did that. I had doubts myself—but I graduated. So did the twins. By the way, I got a letter from Tub, the other day. He's in San Francisco and says that the firm of Barker Bros. Lawyers, is prospering. If nerve will help them they'll succeed.

"Jack or Tub was the older of the twins. In fact he was just a year older than the other. He used to be a great girl "fusser." You see we used to spend our spare hours then just as you do now. Don't grin and shake your heads, I know better. We thought co-education a great thing in those days and Tub Barker agreed with us. It was

even said that he was elected President of the Freshman class by the co-ed vote. I don't know about that but he was President. There would be no Barker twins otherwise. His home was up in Brownville and he had a kid brother in the Senior year of high school there. We had never seen this kid brother but Tub used to laud him to the skies and read newspaper clippings about the great fullback on the Brownsville team. It got rather tiresome, but we hated to hurt Tub's feelings so we took it. Remember this kid. He's leading man in this play. These two, Jack and his brother, were not known as the Twins then. It was the great Freshman Assembly affair that gave them the name. It's this Assembly affair I'm going to tell about.

"There had been all kinds of trouble between the Sophs and the Freshmen. Finally they became so violent that Prexy announced in chapel that no under classmen parties could be permitted after the one planned for the next Friday. This was to be given by the Freshmen and the an-

nouncement naturally made the Sophs furious as they had planned an affair of their own for the next week. The ultimatum of the President's of course buried their scheme. They had to give it up.

"The Freshmen were jubilant. They put a notice in the Daily—by the way, is the Daily running yet? I'll look at a copy after a while. The notice ran in this wise: "On Friday of this week the Freshman class of the University will give the Annual Assembly. The University Band will furnish music and all the upper classmen are cordially invited to be present." The Sophs swore vengeance, but the Freshmen went on making elaborate preparations. They voted to go in full dress, called it the Freshman Assembly and said that it would be the swellest thing the University had ever seen. It was their last chance and they intended to make the most of it. I think the records will show that we succeeded. We because I was a Freshman then. I'm not ashamed of it either.

"Tub Barker was, of course, very active in the Assembly preparations. He had a swell dress suit constructed, asked a Junior what kind of a tie to wear, ran a bill for some "patents" and capped a climax by asking a Senior lady. In fact Tub intended to make an impression. He even announced that his kid brother would arrive in town just in time to attend. It was not the custom to invite high school students, but Tub was President of the class and had privileges.

"All went well until a Freshman heard a Soph say that the Freshman President would be conspicuously absent when the time came for the Assembly. Then war commenced. Tub employed the customary body guard. This guard never left him except at the door of a recitation room and it must have seemed funny to see Tub Barker walking from the Main to the Library surrounded by twenty of his biggest classmates. I was one of the body guard and it didn't seem funny to me.

"On the day of the Assembly about twenty Sophs tried to kidnap him as he was coming from

drill, but they didn't get Tub and a majority of them lost their hair. This custom, I believe, originated in 1900.

"This made the Sophs fiercer than ever and some of us were mighty glad that somebody else was President of the Freshman class. Tub kept a stiff upper lip and swore that he would attend the party.

"We accompanied him home that afternoon, saw him safely in the house and departed. At eight-thirty o'clock the body guard returned and saw him ensconced in a carriage ready for the great affair. Three of us entered with him and two of the biggest men sat with the driver. We thought this protection enough since the driver had orders to drive very rapidly. In this manner we proceeded to the house of the Senior young lady. Here Tub objected. He said that the continual precaution was getting tiresome, that he was perfectly able to take care of himself. Beside, he maintained, if the carriage were going very rapidly there would be no danger and when

he did reach the Armory he would be met by a deputation of Freshmen. I knew all the time that the real reason for the opposition was his liking for the Senior lady. You see he wished to inspire her with admiration at his recklessness.

"We finally consented to let him make the trip alone, but after he disappeared into the house we reconsidered and decided that it would be safer to have at least one or two trusty Freshmen with him. His presence at the party was absolutely necessary. One of the fellows climbed up to the driver's seat and I occupied the top of the hack. It wasn't very comfortable, but I was a Freshman then, and ambitious.

"It took him some time to appear. He told me afterward that the father of the Senior lady objected to her going, fearing trouble of some kind. Tub's winning smile relieved his anxieties.

"The driver started at a horrible rate. He went so fast that I had suspicions but, because I was so confoundedly busy holding on to the slip-

pery carriage top, these weren't mentioned. They materialized.

"At the corner of Tenth and Sixth the driver said something about one of the horses and stopped the team. It was very dark and I couldn't see distinctly, but when I heard a scuffle below I knew the jig was up. The chump driver had been purchased. By the time I reached the ground Tub had disappeared.

"The Sophs had done a neat job, there had been no noise, no disturbance, but Tub Barker, Freshman President, was gone and we realized it.

"The lady was badly frightened, but when I explained matters she seemed rather to like the situation. I didn't see anything amusing in it at the time, but now I can see how she might have enjoyed it. Anyway, we were bound to see it through, and knowing that Tub would escape if opportunity offered we continued on our way to the Armory.

"It was rather late when we arrived and dancing had begun.

"When we told what had happened there was a sensation. Of course we tried to make a bluff that Tub was sick but the Sophs in the gallery (we had arranged the sale of the gallery seats just as they do at the Prom) were celebrating and we had to give it up. That was certainly a select conglomeration of wrathy Freshmen.

"About eleven o'clock, as we were dancing in the main part of the Armory trying to look happy but feeling anything else, we (that is, my partner and I) heard a great racket in the north end and, ready for anything, we hastened in.

"Of all the welcome sights of my college career that certainly was the one. It surely was bliss, for, standing in the middle of the room looking rather surprised, bowing to the ladies and shaking hands with the fellows, was Tub Barker, President of the Freshman Class. His hair was neatly brushed, his clothes were in the best of or-

der and he looked as though he had never seen trouble. The crowd went wild.

"I forced my way to him and went through a little dance in my exuberance. It was great. But when I had asked him a few questions, all at once, it came to me. As a result he and I held a private conversation. This conversation lasted for about ten minutes and at the end of that time Tub walked straight down to the middle of the drill hall. The Sophs, who had been craning their necks over the gallery railing, were thunderstruck. It broke them up in business and they began to file out, swearing at the members of the gang who had captured the Freshman President and then allowed him to escape. It was Freshman night and we were happy.

"It was noticed by several that Tub only danced occasionally and confined himself to a very few young ladies.

"After the great Assembly had been brought to a close I went home in the carriage with the Senior lady and Tub. It might have seemed strange

to an observer that the girl addressed the hero of the evening as Mr. Barker. She had known him for some time and always called him Jack.

"When we reached Tub's room we found it occupied by a bedraggled specimen of humanity. He had evidently just been through some violent exercise and his face bore a most woeful expression. These were the words with which we were greeted, 'Just my luck. Might have known the Sophs would do some stunt like that. Here I am with a dress suit spoiled—not to mention my reputation. I'll get out of here tomorrow. I couldn't stand the looks in chapel. Oh, hang it all, why did I accept the Presidency?"

Five minutes later this same bedraggled specimen was doing a clog, singing, and shaking hands all at the same time.

"The Sophomores didn't understand till the next year. Some of them swore they had been with Freshman President Barker all the evening and that he was nowhere near the Armory. These were confronted with the statement of the eye-

witnesses to Tub's triumph. It was a horribly mixed up affair and the poor Sophs were guyed till the end of the school year.

"The next September Tub Barker escorted his younger brother to the Library building and saw him safely registered. It was the first time the University people had seen the two brothers. And from that day Tub and Hub Barker were known as the Barker Twins.

"Pass me the tobacco, please."

A CHRISTMAS PRODIGAL

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After a hasty reading, Dudley Masters crushed his mother's letter into his pocket, and sauntered out of the postoffice. The cold air blew sharply into his face, and the winter sunshine was dazzling. As he swung down the walk, his long stride took on an additional swagger. He touched his cap, with nonchalant grace, to the hurrying bare-headed girls, clapped heartily, in passing, the back of a timid and adoring little Freshman lad, who blushed gratefully in response; and whistled the ringing fraternity whistle to a familiar figure across the campus. Dudley was in fine humor with himself and the world that December morning. He had no fault to pick with either.

It was not often, he was telling himself, that a fellow got so prominent, and still managed to keep his head and his friends. As he reflected on the record he had made in college,—he was now in his senior year,—he felt that he had a right to be well pleased with himself. Although this particular mood of introspection, and glow of self-gratulation, had been brought on by his reading in that morning's *Daily* of an honor accorded him by one of the numerous organizations to which he belonged, yet, in reality, the warmth of its feeling had been enveloping him the greater part of the year. When he was elected president of his class at the first of the term, it had begun to dawn upon him that popular favor was not so unpleasing, and after he had tasted the delights of enthusiastic plaudits from a multitude in the grandstand, his appetite for them grew unruly.

He had always been thoroughly esteemed and heartily liked by many friends, but he had never thought much about it; the very reason, perhaps,

for the esteem and the liking. Now, however, he did begin to meditate, and he took pains to record in that little mental note-book which some of us carry, that these friends of his were among the most popular and prominent men in the university, that his fraternity ranked among the foremost, and that his own part in college athletics and college social circles had not been a humble one. He was young and had no cynical tinge in his constitution, so he appreciated and enjoyed to the full, the conclusions reached by his observations. He discovered that the reputation he had gained in the past, for being a good student, furnished a very comfortable resting place for the present; so he neglected his studies with the same thoroughness with which he used to plunge into them, and only went to class when it seemed absolutely necessary. His old ideals of a clean kind of manliness somehow got blurred while he experimented in the fun to be obtained from cards and wine suppers and billiards. He did nothing bad, was only foolish. His mild dissipation did

no more than just blunt the keen edge of his fine physical strength, and make the reading of his mother's letters a bit uncomfortable, and the answering of them still more so. In fact he often forgot it altogether; forgot it oftener, after he had taken that photograph from his dressing table,—the family group, from which the honest eyes of his sturdy father looked into his, and Bobbie Boy's fat little face smiled, and Little Maid's curls looked soft enough to stroke. The picture of a girl in a ball dress, and elaborately dressed hair had taken its place. Dudley was posing at being in love with her, and kept her supplied with candy and violets, out of a rather scanty supply of pocket money. He had a secret idea that she greatly admired him, and the thought of being a hero in a pretty girl's eyes has its charm. It might be mentioned that Dudley Masters was not the only man who had the same impression in regard to Floss Chandler.

Her brother was Jim Chandler, a newly made boon-companion of Dudley's. He was the son

of a rich man and belonged to a rather wild set, which, on Jim's introduction, had hailed Dudley, with his ready wit and exuberant fun, joyfully. Rich Ferris, who had been Dudley's life-long chum, and staunchest friend, suddenly found himself left quietly alone. Rich had turned himself into an inconceivable prig, Dudley complained to himself, in excuse for his neglect. He still had the sense to know that Rich was worth double a fellow like Jim, but nowadays his company irritated him; for reasons which he did not try to explain. Jim's home was always open to him, and Dudley got into the pleasant habit of dropping in often, for a chat with Floss, or a game of billiards with Jim.

He would run over there to dinner to-night, Dudley was thinking. That thesis could go. Good heavens, he wasn't going to make a confounded dig of himself! Rich might look as solemn as he pleased. In distant annoyance at the thought of this quiet, grave friend, Dudley thrust his hands deep into his pockets. The touch of

crumpled paper brought his thoughts up with a rush. He drew out his mother's letter again, and walked on more slowly. But not until he was in the class-room did he smooth it out to read carefully. Over the last sentences his forehead became vexed into wrinkles.

"We are all counting the days until Christmas dear boy, because Christmas will bring you. Can you think how excited and happy the children are? They do nothing but talk of Christmas and you."

Christmas and nonsense! Did they think he was a child to go on forever with their babyish tricks? They probably were expecting him to hang up his stocking and watch for Santa Claus. Some such performance, he dimly remembered was gone through with every year. Could not they remember that he was a senior in the university? Trust one's family for misunderstanding one! They ought to be made to realize that he was a small boy no longer. He would not go home. He had other interests and friends to re-

gard. Jim would want him for the holidays, and if not Jim, then surely someone else. He could not refuse all invitations. It was an injustice to expect him to offend the hospitality of his friends for the sake of his home. It was all very proper when he was a youngster, but now—well, they would just have to get along without him.

When he got back to his room that day, Dudley wrote a hasty note to his mother telling her that he guessed he would not try to make Christmas at home this year; there were too many other demands on a fellow like him; he really had to spend the holidays with some of his friends. Somehow, although he tried, he did not manage to get any message written to Bobbie or Maid.

As he took the letter to the mail-box, he wondered which one of the fellows he should give the pleasure of entertaining him over Christmas. He settled on Jim. The thought of the pleasure he would thereby also give Jim's sister may have influenced his decision.

This was Tuesday, a week before Christmas

day. College closed on Saturday. In the days between, Dudley was altogether with Jim and his companions. He kept out of Rich's way, or Rich did his. Thursday night it struck him sharply that as yet his Christmas day was unprovided for. Neither Jim nor Floss Chandler had said a word to him about a visit with them. An invitation, which would be as tardy as this, was hardly courteous. Dudley Masters was a proud fellow, and he was stung for a second into hot anger against the handsome, supercilious youth who, at that very moment, was sprawled out on *his* couch, smoking *his* cigars. Then he cooled down. Of course, Jim did not know of his plans to stay in the city over the holidays.

"What train do you leave on, Masters?" came the opportune question from a little black-eyed, hard-faced chap, who had just dropped in.

Dudley replied with a carelessness, which would not have been affected had it not been for his inward storm of the minute before. "Oh, I don't go home this year!"

Jim silently smoked on, while the other remarked:

"Darned sort of a hole, this, I should think, Masters, to spend Christmas in."

Dudley found himself involuntarily turning in Jim's direction, and this suddenly discovered attitude of waiting for a favor almost choked him with rage against himself, Jim, everybody. He took a fierce resolve that he would eat his Christmas dinner alone at a restaurant sooner than with Jim.

Even now he did not really believe that Jim would not ask him; even now he did not dream of not having several invitations to pick from. It was for some other reason that all real joy in Christmas anticipations seemed quenched. He began to haunt the crowded Christmas shops, trying to find something pretty to send to Little Maid and something droll for Bobbie Boy; but it was not much fun sending things, he decided. He watched eagerly for a letter from his father or mother, but none came. They did not care after

all, he told himself, whether he came or not; but all the time he knew that was not true.

Saturday night he went down to the station to see several of his friends off for home. As he watched the train puff out of the high, noisy depot the sore, lost feeling came over him, which he used to feel when he was a little boy, and his mother went away and left him in a big room, alone. But a savage sort of pride kept him from confessing yet, even to himself, his selfishneses and folly. He received the commiserations of his friends who lived in the city on spending a Christmas away from home, rudely, and with inner bitter astonishment. He was very slow in shaking himself out of his attitude of self-esteem. He tried to persuade himself that they believed he had already arranged to spend the day somewhere; he tried to believe anything, but that they did not want him. That was impossible to his thought. He—Dudley Masters—.

In truth, it was neither what his bitterness finally came to believe, nor what his pride would

fain have cherished. It was carelessness, first of all, mixed with a good deal of selfishness. Then Dudley's growing self-importance had not been lost upon any of his companions. Unfortunately, or fortunately, just at this time, a chance remark from one of them fell upon Dudley's ear, and to him it was burdened with more significance than perhaps the speaker intended.

It was Sunday afternoon, and a group of men had gathered in the fraternity house. Dudley had left the room, but after wandering restlessly about, returned just in time to catch the following few broken sentences:

"Let him stick it out alone! I won't have him, confound his airs! He's spoiled for me, old bighead!"

Dudley recognized Jim's lazy voice, and for a moment the bitterness of disappointed friendship quite outstrung all other feeling; but a flash of self-revelation followed.

Rich, in his quiet way, had seen all that was going on, and although he had much to forgive

Dudley for, on the Monday following he went to his room hoping to find him left for home. If not, he was determined to get him there. Rich himself had no home.

A morose bidding to enter answered his knock. Dudley was sitting, sullen and listless by the window. Untroubled by the unfriendly greeting, Rich stepped over. and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Dud, you old fool, why don't you go home? You can catch the afternoon train."

Dudley savagely shook off his friend.

"Darn you," he blurted through his teeth, not raising his eyes, "I am *not* going home or anywhere else."

Rich stood for a moment in indecision. Then he noticed an unopened letter lying on the table addressed in a child's irregular hand. Dudley had used to show him Maid's quaint little letters, and so he recognized the writing.

"Dud," he said, "there's Maidie's letter. Why don't you read it?"

The color burned in his face.

"I am ashamed to," he cried loudly, as if he were afraid of seeming to mumble it. "I wrote 'em I wouldn't come."

"What a coward you are, Dud," remarked Rich composedly.

Dudley threw back his head with a look in his eyes which boded ill for any continuance of their friendship.

His friend regarded him steadily.

"I suppose you *can* go on hurting them to save your pride. I suppose you don't think you've done enough already this year. Professor Mitchell told me today that if you kept on at the pace you've started, you'd not graduate."

If Rich had sought to rouse Dudley he certainly had accomplished his purpose.

"That's right! Rub it in," he stormed. "Great heavens, man, don't you suppose I *know* what a fool I've made of myself—*let* myself be made by those fellows? and then I waited for them to

tell me about it! And if that wasn't enough—" he stopped short.

"Floss Chandler?" quietly suggested his friend.

"What do you know about her?" hotly.

Rich gave an impatient laugh.

"If you'd given me the chance, I could have told you, any time this year, that she was engaged, and all the rest of it, but you preferred to dangle. Now I suppose she's got enough—"

"Hold on, Rich!" Dudley exclaimed in suppressed rage, "you've said now more than any other man could have said—you better get out now.

Rich did not move, and Dudley dropped into a sudden moody silence.

"What can *you* do anyway?" he broke out with after a moment. "After all it takes a girl—" he stopped again.

Rich took a troubled turn up the room; then back, and stopped before his friend, who stood, with a black face, in the middle of the room. His manner changed.

"Dud, old man," he half pleaded, "let the girl go. You don't care any more than I do for her. But your Christmas, Dud. You'll be sorry if you don't go, don't you know it? Why do you make it worse for yourself?"

Dudley breathed hard. I *can't* go. They don't want me now," he muttered.

"Read that letter from Maidie, and then say they don't want you."

The boy hesitated, a tremor passed over his face. He reached for the letter, and Rich knew that he had conquered. He turned his back on Rich, and Rich heard his hand shut tightly on the paper.

"If I had a home," he began in a gruff tone, "or a little sister"—

Dudley flung about.

"Rich, I'm a bigger fool than you've thought me even—I—I—haven't the money—I played all last week with Jim—I shouldn't have told you —only—Little Maid—"

Rich's face beamed as he thrust his hand down into his pocket.

"If that's all—" he said.

On the day before Christmas, the railway trains are crowded and noisy. One of them, which plunged from the big, dim, gray city over the big, dim gray prairies, carried Dudley Masters. He sat slouched into a corner of the red plush seat which was occupied as well by a shabby little woman holding a sticky-faced baby, and a belligerent three year old. His felt hat, pulled far down concealed the shamed lines on his face. The winter afternoon thickened into darkness, and still he did not stir, but gazed steadily out of the window at the wide blank stretches of snow, while flying black shapes whirled past, and the grind of the spinning wheels sang a slow rhythm into his ears.

In this bitter time of self revelation, Dudley had been judging himself far more severely, perhaps, than any one else would have done. But now it seemed as if the rush of the train were

leaving behind the husks of his foolishness and pride, and the old kind heart of his self a year back, returned, so that, as the wheels sang, his thoughts outstripped their speed, and flying over the prairies rested in his home beyond.

He felt as if he had been sick, and, as in a fever of convalescence, pictures tumbled foolishly into his mind. It must be supper-time there now, he thought. Would they be thinking not unkindly about him? Maidie had said that they would have a place for him. The table would be heaped with holly on Christmas Eve. Waffles and maple syrup had been the traditional feast for this festive time. There were never any waffles like the Mater's.

There would be the big fire afterwards. Bobby Boy always built it, all the time the Mater trotting through the room with mysterious little white packages hidden under her apron, so that Little Maid could not help shrieking and tumbling on the floor in glee, and Bobby Boy begging for just "one feel." Little Maid always had the honor of

lighting the fire, but when he came home, she gave it up to him. A mysterious delicious smell of evergreen would float out from somewhere—they never saw a tree until Christmas morning—and Little Maid would dance again just in thinking about it.

* * * * A long whistle and a sudden jarring stop. The lights winked out familiarwise. He was home then. He got up and stumbled out a little dizzily. He dropped off the steps, and walked quickly away from the bobbing lantern-lights, before the station-master or loungers on the platform could see him. He felt that he could not bear their salutations of mingled hilarity, condescension and a curious respect.

He had tried not to think of the other Christmases he had come home but the difference in this arrival was too sharp. How all of them had come to meet him! All but the Mater, who had stayed at home to keep things hot. How old Nell was harnessed and the youngsters piled in on top of him, and the big jolly father shook with mirth

all the short way home. How Little Maid whispered astounding secrets into his ear, and Bobbie Boy burrowed into his pockets.

Now he strode along through the dark streets alone. The snow had drifted high and white. The grave, holy air of Christmas eve rested quietly over all things. Mellow points of light twinkled from clustered houses and the high, silent stars shone down serenely. Dudley remembered, and felt again, as his feet crunched over the snow, the thrill of his old childish awe of the stars on Christmas Eve; how they seemed bigger and brighter then, and how, until he had seen the morning star in the pale sky one Christmas dawn, he was never quite sure which one was *the* one.

Dudley drew a quick, hard breath. Here he was —the home at the end of the street where the lights shone out between the tall gaunt elms from unshuttered windows. He had quickened his pace, but now before the white gate he stopped short. The bitter sense of his unworthiness and humiliation surged through him. To sneak back

to his home after he had found that no one else wanted him! What would his welcome be?

He half turned to go, but stood for a moment, longingly, to watch the bright windows, and he found that he could not. With a blind rush, he went through the gate, and up the path to the house, where he threw open the door.

A spicy warm smell streamed out. There was a confused blur before him of light and noise. Then he heard a joyful little cry and saw the flash of Maid's curls, but the warmth and brightness had enclosed him like an embrace, even before his mother's arms reached out and drew him in.

A FRENCH GRANDMOTHER

A FRENCH GRANDMOTHER

Kitty Maybury had sprung from an intellectual stock. Her grandfather had been a college president, and it was a tradition in the family, as well as the pet source of family pride, that a Maybury was bound to be distinguished; it may be added, to be also weak-chested and bespectacled. There were several maiden aunts, and an uncle or two, who ranked as professors and editors; no Maybury had ever been less.

Kitty's own father had breathed his gentle last in his library, with his head bowed over a Greek dictionary. And Mrs. Maybury, shortly after her husband's death, as if through their many years together some reflection of his own brain splendor

had been cast upon his spouse, even from the commonplace and healthy race of Coxes, had begun to join clubs, and to introduce domestic science, with the emphasis upon the latter word, into her household. Her papers, derived from sociological, architectural, and philosophical inspirations, were the delight of the inner circles. Horace, the only son, had been graduated from a theological seminary at the head of his class, and was now doing the Lord's work in a prosperous western city, from where he sent essays on higher criticism to magazines and religious papers. He was said to be very advanced.

But Mary was the glory of this generation of Mayburys. After completing her high school course with the highest honors ever accorded a student, she had entered the state university, and reaped all the honors that are harvestable in such institutions. She had been asked to assist in every department she had entered, and had taken her master's degree in philosophy, and had written a monograph on "Somebody's Conception of On-

tology," very highly spoken of in philosophical circles, and not at all spoken of in any other, which is as great a proof as could be desired of its scholarliness. After her return home she was elected principal of the James City High School, which position she has filled with credit ever since. She occupied her leisure time in getting out a text-book on algebra.

But this is not altogether a tale of Maybury distinctions. I have yet to account for Kitty.

In going back through the dim, frowning generations of Mayburys, there may have been, among the great-grandfathers who were serious, and the great-grandmothers who were superior, a dear little French grandmother, who wore tiny, pink slippers, twirled frivolous fans, liked to dance, abhorred dusty tomes, flirted just a little, never donned caps, and, altogether, must have been a very inferior, giddy, likeable little person. Had she reappeared in Kitty? Kitty had, from somebody, her dancing black eyes, naughty little wisps of curls, and a straight, irresistable nose;

also her delightful, unaccountable ways of doing, or rather, not doing, things. None of the other Mayburys were irrational, flirtatious, or charming.

That was why, perhaps, they never got used to Kitty. All her life, from the time she was a round baby and preferred Mother Goose to Pope, until her seventeenth year, when she voted Shakespeare a bore, and secretly preferred Marie Corelli to Thackeray, they were unable to rid themselves of the delusion that she was really as deep, as heavy-minded, as precocious as themselves, and that it was only through some strange misfortune, or the black sparkles of her eyes, that she appeared different. They were always expecting her suddenly to develop the traditional Maybury traits, and to burst forth in a glory of intellect, surpassing even Mary. True, Mary had never had the host of the impressionable James City youth following her like so many devoted sheep, nor did Mary insist, with tears, upon an endlessly beruffled commencement gown; but they accepted these worries with her dimples, and held firmly

to the belief that now she was going to college, Katharine's true strength of character would be revealed.

The French grandmother, in getting down to Kitty, had taken along, from one of the Puritan gentlemen perhaps, a good, old, New England conscience, and Kitty's deficiencies and Kitty's worldliness fretted none so much as Kitty herself. She did her best to prick the bubble of her family's expectations in her, but in vain. Mayburys could be as blind, on occasion, as proud. Kitty herself, knew that she never should enjoy reading Wordsworth so much as going on a hay-rack ride; that she should always prefer a chiffon hat to a biological treatise; and that if hot waffles and maple syrup could not be included in plain living, she would prefer to do without the high thinking. She knew that she would never found a college, or write a novel, or even be a mathematics professor; that she would probably marry a nice, jolly boy, and be consciencelessly happy and mundane all her life: forever a reproach to the name of

Maybury. The New England conscience got in its work, while a council of relatives were discussing her future, and as the most she could do for them, she agreed to college with her bewitching little mouth drawn down into serious curves.

She looked over the catalogue with Mary, and made out her program with commendable gravity and docility. She was very fond and proud of her sister, and Mary's college had long been a pleasant camping-ground for happy fancies. It must not be denied, however, that between the sober discussions of Courses I and II, French Sophomore B, and German Freshman A, there danced gay little visions before her eyes of hops, and spreads, and football banners; and there were many sighs over the difficulties attending the getting of a party gown, and a chafing-dish. Mary had not needed either at college. It was here that Kitty first began to realize the real disadvantages in having an intellectual sister. And this is what the story is all about. A selection from the corres-

pondence of Mary and Kitty is interesting evidence.

FROM KITTY TO MARY.

September tenth.

My precious old Moll,

Why didn't you tell me that there was a river running by the campus, or about the funny long building that slides off the bank, where there's the dearest place in the world to sit—I only went once, and there was a sunset; it was with one of the home boys, so don't get grandmotherly— or even about the campus? I thought it was just a bare yard, and there are oaks and everything. Why, a person would think that you had never been here! No, I wouldn't either. You've been here very much indeed, Mary, my honey. I'm a regular peacock over you. The registrar just beamed when I told him my name, and asked if I were a relative of the "distinguished" Miss Maybury— I believe he said Maria; *did* you call yourself that when you were here? Then he mumbled something about an honorable record.

"I am her sister, sir!" I announced it in capitals. He stamped my card very respectfully, and if it had been the time, he would have passed me in everything, I know. Too bad Horace didn't graduate from here too. Then, perhaps, he would have given me a diploma, and all my troubles would have been over.

The mathematics man—whom I am going to hate in my most polished and vigorous fashion—used to be in your class, some one told me, and after he had examined my card, he waited five whole minutes with a most peculiar look on his face. "Yes, I am her sister," I got all ready to inform him, but he never asked me, and I shall try to keep him from finding out, all for your sake, Mary. For if I live to be tottering and toothless, or older, I shall never forget that awful first recitation, never.

It reminded me of the times when Grandfather Maybury used to ask me about my lessons. I haven't got into such a stammery, blushy state since people ceased to say, "How you have grown,

child!" His name is Danforth, and he looks young. I don't believe he's married.

There are so many people here, isn't it glorious, Moll? I want to hug 'em all, and say, "Aren't you glad you're here," and have 'em eat fudge with me. But some look so tall and solemn that when I pass them, I shrivel right up in a bunch and slide by as quick as I can. Are they the seniors? I mean to be very careful not to get the worried look all freshmen seem to have. I have vowed that I wouldn't chase into that parlor-like room, where there are such flocks of them, for fear I would catch it, so I leave the Y. W. C. A.ers alone—don't worry, Moll, I'll join if you want me to—and am really quite happy, blundering. It's the only way to get experience.

Write me everything that happens at home, or I can't stay away. Bushels of love,

Your own KITTY.

FROM MARY TO KITTY.

September seventeenth.

My dear Katherine,

I hope you will write a more connected account

of your present life. This first letter of yours is a trifle incoherent, due, no doubt, to the fact that you are in the midst of novel experiences, and surrounded by strange faces.

Of course, a new phase of living brings its interests, but, also, I may add, its responsibilities. A greater poise and self-control will soon be added to you. If you enter college as a child, Katharine, you will leave it as a woman.

We can afford to pity those to whom the graver words of life have not been spoken. You will find them even in an institution of learning, where one would suppose that only the thoughtful, and those earnestly seeking for knowledge would care to come. It was always an astonishment and sorrow to me, but the wisest way is to ignore such. All one can do is to make the best use of one's own time.

There is little news at home. The loneliness caused by your absence is somewhat mitigated by the fact that we so greatly rejoice in your opportunities. Think of the many who thirst for an ed-

ucation, and yet who are confined to a narrow sphere by the lack of it.

We are all in usual health. Aunt Maria will visit us next week. She will be of great assistance to Mother in her preparation of her paper for the Thursday Art Club, for she has made a special study of Roman architecture in the time of Marcus Aurelius.

Remember me to all who inquire for me. There must be many who know of the Mayburys. Mother sends love.

Your affectionate sister,

MARY H. MAYBURY.

FROM KITTY TO MARY.

September thirtieth.

Dear sister,

Your letter has been received. I am afraid I cannot write the kind of letters you would like. I cannot say things as beautifully as you can.

You have said something, haven't you, about what we get from contact with people? I'll try and realize that. The president seems to me to

be a very fine man. There are many fine people to see. I suppose that is part of the education. Indeed I want to get everything I can out of my college course. I know you made the most of your opportunities, Mary dear, but remember that I am just stupid little Kitty, and please don't be disappointed if I don't get Phi Beta Kappa. I am afraid I shan't.

You seem to be much remembered here, Mary. Many speak of you.

I am going to a reception tonight, and perhaps I had better write up my chemistry notes. I mean to study a great deal.

You were especially bright in mathematics, weren't you?

Your loving

K. MAYBURY.

P. S.—I wished you had coached me in the binomial theorem.

P. S.—I am going to the reception tonight with Mr. Danforth.

P. S.—Mollie, you are a dear old girl, and I

love you, but oh if you had to be brilliant and distinguished, and everything that I am not, what did you come here to do it for, or why did you send me after you, or why was I your sister—no, why was I born an idiot? I wish our name had been *Olson,* or that I had changed mine.

I tell you I *can't* do algebra! I do try to study, but there are so many other things to do, Molly dearest. KIT.

FROM MARY TO KITTY.

October third.

My dear Katherine,

Your letter, just received, causes me considerable anxiety. However, I cannot but think that, with a commendable modesty, you are a trifle exaggerative. No Maybury ever had trouble with mathematics. Do you think if I send you some of the proof sheets of my Higher Algebra that they might help you?

I remember Mr. Danforth as being a clever, but rather light-minded young man. I wonder that he occupies such a position. Do not see

any more of him than is necessary, Katharine, for your mind must not be distracted from your work; unless he can assist you, and that, I hope, will not be required.

Let me hear from you soon. I realize that the first weeks are discouraging, and accordingly make due allowance. On my first quiz in psychology, I remember, I stood only 85. It was a great mortification at that time, but it never happened again.

Your affectionate sister,

MARY H. MAYBURY.

FROM KITTY TO MARY.

October fifth.

Mollie Honey,

I've done it now, and don't please be scandalized. I knew in my bones the minute I saw Mr. Danforth that I should do something dreadful when he was around. People do have such warnings sometimes, don't they?

I hardly dare tell you, and yet I don't dare not to. But this is the way it was. It happened at the

reception, and if my war-like feelings hadn't been so dreadfully stirred up I shouldn't have done it. It was a perfect outrage, Mary, the way I got talked to that night. I had put on my very best togs, and he sent up some roses—beauties—so I was prepared to have the most glorious time of my life, meeting new people, making my début, and that sort of thing. What do you suppose was the first thing that happened? We were being handed down the line of handshakers—you know how they do—and I was smiling my sweetest, because I never once thought of my name, and they were getting it all twisted up, anyway, when suddenly one of the high dignitaries began to smirk.

"Ah, Miss Maybury? Did not your sister—?" Then I knew what was coming. I glanced back, and saw that Mr. Danforth was engaged in warding off another of them.

"Yes, she did," I snapped at the man, and held out my hand to the next one.

"Miss Maybury, who is the sister of—" he started, in a loud voice.

"Delighted to meet you," I choked him off with, and all was well. Mr. Danforth had not heard.

I experienced narrow escapes all the evening, and it was so bad for my nerves that finally I got desperate. It was late; he and I were sitting together, when a rather oldish lady came up. She had the look in her eye that they all have, so I said, "Oh, there is someone I *must* see," and darted behind a palm-bank arrangement. I was just geting my composure back when he came after me, and his eyes were twinkling. He's got very peculiar eyes, Mary; they are gray most of the time, and sharp, so that they look right through a body; then again they are dark, almost black, and soft and bright. They were black this time.

"Why haven't you told me? I never knew Mary Maybury was your sister."

Then, Mary, I did it. It wasn't disowning you, dear, don't you understand? I was just dis-

owning myself. I did it very cold-bloodedly, answering in a second.

"You are mistaken. She is *not* a relative of mine."

I felt all the blood in my body jumping into my face, and I didn't dare look at him.

After a few centuries, he said in his natural jolly voice, "Why don't we go, and have some frappé?"

Then I could have danced in relief—only it was a Y. W. C. A. reception.

Mollie, tell me, that's a dear, that I am not so very horrid. I'm almost sure that you won't see how it is, but I had to 'fess up to ease my conscience.

Your bad little sister,

KITTY.

FROM KITTY TO MARY.

October twentieth.

My dear old Molly,

I've just two minutes to write before the football game, Mr. Danforth is coming to take me.

No, my love, I have the greatest respect for your judgment, but I don't know what you are thinking of to ask me such a thing. I never was so happy in my life—football is *such* fun, Mary! —and never so comfortable. The Mayburys did not haunt you, so you know nothing about it.

In my private capacity, I love you just as much, but in my public one—I have cast you off utterly, my dear.

Don't you dare tell Horace!

He's come, and goodby. KIT.

FROM KITTY TO MARY (Special delivery letter).

November third.

Mary Maybury!

I shall be home in two days. It was your own fault for sending me here. You might have known how it would be. If you want me to go to college, you can just send me somewhere else. I'll never, never come back here. I hate the place.

Oh, Molly, why did I ever tell that wretched lie?

He—well, afterward I wrote him a note, and now, of course, it's all over.

I shall pack. Your miserable sister,

K. M.

FROM KITTY TO MARY.

November fourth.

My precious Molly,

I am not coming home just yet, after all.

He knew it all the time. Think of that!

And oh, Molly dearest, do you think you would mind if I didn't finish college? It would be so long to wait.

Your happy KITTY.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE CURRICULUM

WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE CURRICULUM

Act I.

The college turned away its head and tried vainly not to smile when it saw them coming. It was utterly absurd, of course; the whole situation was absurd; but the most absurd thing about it, was the matter-of-fact way that they two accepted one another.

They were freshmen. He was tall, very thin, with light hair, and unassuming chin, and a pair of silver-rimmed glasses. She was short and plump, with a sweet, dimpled, babyish face; clear, heavily-lashed, blue eyes; and long black hair that she wore braided down her back. When they walked together he bobbed unevenly up and down,

and had to stoop far forward to catch the words that fell from her little red lips.

They had met at the "Spelling Match" one Saturday night, the fifteenth of January at 8:30 o'clock. They had both volunteered to enter the contest. At 8:25 they were lined up opposite the sophomores, with some twenty others of their classmates. It was while they were waiting and trembling for the first word to come, that he looked down and saw a bit of a girl beside him; —and in the same instant she looked up and saw the tall youth beside her;—and they were neither one afraid.

The contest began. The first time around all went well. But the second time! It was her turn—

"Koochiching," pronounced the spelling master.

She had never heard of the word, but she began bravely: "K-o"—she would have said "u," but the boy beside her whispered "o," and then she repeated, "K-double o—c-h-i-c-hi-n-g." And the audience applauded. She had spelled it correctly, and her heart beat hard and fast.

The third time around! She spelled in her turn, and then half turned as the word was given out to him.

"Onomatopoeia," said the master.

The boy began, "O-n-o-m-a-t-o-p-o"—and then stopped, but quick as a flash the girl had suggested, "ei"—and he finished it. And again the audience applauded.

He took her home after the entertainment, and on the way they discovered that their post office boxes bore consecutive numbers, "123" and "124" —and they began to feel like old friends.

Act II.

It was the night of the Junior Ball given by the class of '02. A group of young men stood talking near the entrance to the ballroom, waiting for the ladies to appear. They had been discussing the decorations done in the class colors, crimson and straw; the effect of the shaded lights; the banks of palms; and the oriental draperies and cosy corners—when a couple entered the door just

back of them. The couple consisted of a tall young man in evening dress, wearing a scholarly pair of pince de nez,—and a girl with clear, blue eyes, who wore a pink trailing gown that swished softly as she walked. She bowed and smiled to those of the group that she knew. Every bow set half a dozen mischievous little curls in play; and every smile lighted up such bewitching dimples in the babyish face, that the hearts of the callow youths beat fiercely and would only be stilled by the placing of a name on the girl's long program.

The young man who had brought her, watched her proudly, sending a half-smile back to another scene that the Old Armory had one night witnessed. As he stood back waiting for her, he passed in quick review the changes that the last two years had brought to them. What happy years they had been! How well he and she had come to know one another! Well, stupid old translations had had much to do with that. It took *longer* for two people to translate two hun-

dred lines, together, than it would have done for each to do the work by himself; but he remembered how much *easier* it had been to translate dry German prose in the old Main Building half way up on the second flight of rickety stairs, with some one to make suggestions, than it had been for one boy to do that same work in the solitude of his own room, only one flight up. And he thought, without regret, of the time that he might have saved, had he always employed the latter method.

Then the girl, at last, came toward him, and he led her down to the further end of the room where another group had stood waiting for them.

At three o'clock, she said she could dance no more. He said he knew of just the nook where she could sit and rest, and watch the others whirl by. But no, she was too tired even to watch the dancing; she wanted to go home; she was tired of the music, and the lovely dresses and the hum of voices; she could not bear it any longer.

He smiled down at her half pityingly. Half

in the carriage he wondered if she was thinking an hour later as he wrapped her cloak around her of the first night they had left the Armory together; *that* night, she had said she was tired of "everybody." He wondered if she even thought of it—but he did not ask.

Act III.

It was the week before Commencement. The weather had been delightfully warm for a month. The grass had grown long and heavy on the campus, and the trees on the little knoll in front of Main waved their leafy tops invitingly—luring the stately seniors to a course under their tutelage.

Only a week of school left! Well, he would be both glad and sorry when it was ended. The years had been very happy ones, full of hard work and experience and they had made a man of him; for that, he was glad. But he could not bear to think of having these four years shut off in the past; he did not like to think of his school

life as ended. His heart was full of vague regrets—and then, suddenly, from the little knoll where he sat, he saw a little senior girl on her way to the post office—and his feeling took a more poignant form.

He had not had a chance to speak to her for a month; she would never give him an opportunity for more than a passing word; she always had a multitude of excuses and engagements. He was miserable to think that after four years of friendship, he was beginning not to understand her. Well, perhaps he half understood her, but he dared not let himself think that he did.

He got up from the grass and followed her to the post office. He found her reading the *Daily* in front of her box. She smiled when she saw him coming, and he felt encouraged enough by this, to ask her if she didn't want to go down to the river bank. He was sure there were some pretty little nooks down there, and she hadn't been down the whole spring.

But she shook her head. No, she could not go

to the river bank, she had a class the third hour that she dared not skip again. She saw that she had hurt him by her refusal; she had been very unkind to him of late—here it was the last week of school, and she was giving him this to remember her by! She relented. If he cared to go,—she knew of a big tree back of chapel, and she would go over there until it was time for her next class. Of course he cared to go—and they went.

As they seated themselves under the chapel windows, she began to talk gaily of all the funny things she had treasured up for him. The color came and went, in her face. It was absurd, of course. She talked all the harder, trying to hide her confusion, and she might have succeeded, had it not been the morning the Glee Club sang in chapel. He smiled at her quizzically. He had begun to be sure that he "understood." She knew that she talked better than she had ever done before—but the song of the Glee Club would

reach her ears in spite of all she could do. Their words rang in between her words.

"Professor M— said," began the girl—

—"A man and a maid went a-rowing," declared the song

"He never saw"—

—"All on a fair summer's day."

"A set of New Year's resolutions without hoping that the person who made them would keep them better than the old minister who firstly, took a text. Secondly"—

—"He sighed and she shied and they—"

"Secondly," repeated the girl, "departed from it; and thirdly—"

—"Down by the river side," added the chorus.

The girl got on her feet in a rage.

"I won't stay here another minute. I'm going to class."

He caught the hem of her senior gown as it floated by him.

"Don't go, Dollie," he said, "let's face the thing out together; it will be easier, don't you think?—

and—it will be so glorious for you and me to have everything settled before Commencement."

ST. JOSEPH

ST. JOSEPH

Morse entered the engineering department with the class two years ahead of mine, finished three years of his course, put in two years at construction work for the American Bridge Company, and then re-entered the University and took his senior year with my class. He was a big, kindly sort of fellow and very quiet. He had picked up a lot of curios in various parts of North and South America while on bridge work, and his room was an interesting place. I went into his room one night—we roomed in the same house—to check up some mechanical lab. reports with him.

Lying on the bookcase near his tobacco jar, I noticed a peculiarly shaped little silver case, about

an inch long containing a small silver figure of a man with a child in his arms, and I asked him what it was.

"Well," said he, "that's a St. Joseph. Some Catholics believe that any person who carries one can change his luck at will by turning the little image end for end in its case, and this particular St. Joseph comes as near having a story connected with it as anything I have in the room. When I was in my junior year here, you were a freshman, weren't you? Do you remember a Miss Nicholi who was at the "U." that year?"

"Sure," I answered, "a regular peach of a girl, —all black hair and black eyes, Sozodont teeth, and a powder-ad. face—a fellow doesn't forget that kind.

"Well," replied Morse, "I see you at any rate do not. She and my cousin Ruth roomed at the same house, and I got acquainted with her through Ruth. She was always something of a mystery to us, and, though she in a measure threw aside her usual reserve when with us, we always felt

that there was something out of the ordinary about her; and the summer I went to work for the A. B. C. I found we were right.

"To begin at the beginning, and to tell in a connected way what I learned, partly from her, but chiefly from others, her first name was Marie, and she was born in Montreal. Her mother died when Marie was quite young, leaving two children, Marie and another daughter, several years older, to the care of her husband, who was hardly the person to oversee the bringing up of two children. Mr. Nicholi was a confirmed gambler and debt-dodger, and, soon after his wife's death, trouble, arising from one or both of these pursuits, made it advisable for him to secretly transfer his residence to Chicago. His older daughter he brought with him, but he left Marie in a private Catholic school in Montreal, where he supported her until she came here to attend the "U." She must have been nearly twenty years old. She was a bright girl and had a way of doing a lot of thinking and not much talking.

"In Chicago, Nicholi continued his favorite pursuits, ably assisted by his daughter, who, under his brilliant guidance, became in a few years a regular Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, perhaps worse, and moved in much lower circles than that honorable lady. Their friends, you may suppose, were not of the highest class. The men were mostly gamblers, saloon-keepers, and track-followers, and their women friends were the associates of these men. In fact some of them belonged to the monied criminal classes and were proprietors of various kinds of resorts around the city which were run by connivance with the police. But all of them were free with their money when they had any. They were useful friends in a business way. The Nicholis cultivated their acquaintance.

"About this time, what to do with Marie became a troublesome question, as her school days in the old convent school were about over. Certainly Mr. Nicholi was not an admirable father, but he had a couple of good points about him. He loved Marie as much as it was possible for him to

love anybody. He was sufficiently ashamed of the life he and his other daughter led to wish to keep all knowledge of it from her. Perhaps he had a sneaking idea that at the final show-down, her goodness would in some way balance the badness of the rest of the family, for he was determined to keep one of his girls good and pure. When a woman goes wrong she goes wrong for all there is in it. That had been the way with Marie's sister. She advocated, probably in part from jealousy, bringing Marie to Chicago and making her "like the rest of us." But Nicholi had braved the Canadian authorities two or three times for the sake of seeing her, and he knew that she could never become what they were. He would not hear of such a plan. So it was decided that she was not to come to Chicago, and as he could think of no good way out of the trouble, he trumped up some big excuse for Marie and wrote her to see if she had any plan of her own to suggest.

"The life at the Sisters' school was almost the

only one she had ever known, but she had tired of it and wanted a change. So she poured out her trouble to one of the younger Sisters who had been kind to her. The Sister thought that a change of scene, coupled with the opportunity to continue her studies might be beneficial. As the Sister had once spent some time in Minnesota, she suggested that Marie should enter the University of Minnesota.

"So Nicholi rather unwillingly accepted the suggestion as a temporary solution of the problem, for he did not like to have Marie so near Chicago and her sister.

"Marie entered the "U." Everything went about as usual for a year, except that she began to receive friendly letters from her sister as well as from her father. Then often there would come one from each of them enclosed in the same envelope and addressed in her sister's hand. Finally the letters from her father became rarer till at last the correspondence was only between the sisters. That was because her father's letters no

longer reached Marie, and her letters were usually read by her sister and lost before her father saw them. But, to do her justice, she never tampered with the money her father posted to Marie. As the summer vacation drew near Nicholi wrote that he would come to Minneapolis to see her. But instead of his letter she received one from her sister inviting her to Chicago, promising her all sorts of good times. She could hardly wait for the "U." to close. Without staying for Commencement week she left for Chicago. Ruth and I went down to the Milwaukee station to see her off. She said she intended to return in the fall, and as I was hoping to be put on one of the A. B. C.'s jobs in Chicago for the summer, I promised to look her up, if I was lucky enough to get the job.

"'Oh we can fix that all right," she said, 'I'll lend you my St. Joseph until I see you again, and then you'll be sure to get it.' And then she gave me this same little image with which we had often heard her half seriously declare, she could rule

her luck. 'If the company don't send you down in a week just turn St. Joseph the other end up in his case and they will surely send you the next week,' she said.

"Well, she left, and, thanks to St. Joseph, the company sent me to Chicago where they had a rush job to alter a big stretch of the Northwestern Elevated tracks, to take out a long curve which had outgrown its usefulness. This was to be done by cutting out a correctly shaped section of the tracks and then moving, bodily, the remainder of the structure so as to bring the ends together, giving a straight track. In order to delay traffic as little as possible, they kept us working day and night. It was not until near the middle of June that I started for the 22d St. address which Marie had given me. I found it to be a flashy, family hotel within a short distance of Cottage Grove Avenue. Even in walking that short distance I half made up my mind that I had made a mistake, for I couldn't imagine Marie in that sort of surroundings. She was too innocent. In the office

I found an oily, second-hand looking combination clerk and bell boy. He took my card upstairs, and when he returned he said that only Mr. Nicholi was in, but that he would like to see me. Nicholi proved to be a dark, dapper, little man with a pointed beard, quick, shifty eyes, and hands and feet that were never still a minute. He looked as if he'd been up three nights in a string. He was very nervous, and acted worried and expectant. He said he'd heard of me in Marie's letters, and grasped my hand with a sort of pleading look. I saw something was wrong the minute I asked for her. He almost broke down and said he didn't know where she was, but had hoped, as I knew her, I might have some news for him. It seemed to ease him up a bit to have someone to talk to. Little by little I learned that he and his older daughter had led a life such that he wished to keep all knowledge of it from Marie. Without his knowledge she had been asked to come to Chicago by her sister while he was out of the city. She had been immediately plunged

into the whirl of their daily life with a rush that her sister had hoped would blind her to its true nature until she should compromise herself so that it would be impossible for her to leave it. But if the older sister had known the younger one, she would never have attempted to gratify her jealous hatred in that way. At first Marie was puzzled and a little frightened, but as soon as she had made up her mind as to the true condition of affairs she was shocked and indignant, and neither her sister's cajoleries nor laughter could affect in the least the result of her convent training or her own naturally good impulses. She was told that her father would return soon. Hoping that he might be able to clear up the tangle, she waited three or four days to see him, but would have nothing more to do with her sister or her sister's friends. At the end of that time not even the wish to see her father could keep her there any longer, and she left without saying a word to anyone.

"When her sister learned of this she was wor-

ried. When her father returned the next day she could not conceal from him Marie's visit and disappearance, as all their friends were talking about it. Nicholi forced the truth from her. When he learned how she had invited Marie to Chicago and tried to entrap her, he drove his daughter from the place.

"And so when I found him he did not know where either of his girls were. The older one he knew was able to look out for herself. He supposed she was with some of their friends; where, he did not care.

"As for Marie, he had no thought of pleading innocent or of trying to clear himself in her eyes, but he wanted a chance to tell her that he had had no part in her sister's plans to drag her down to their way of living. He knew that she could have no large amount of money with her. He did not know to what lengths her sister's persecution had driven her. He was greatly worried. He had had a faint hope that I might have news for him, but of course as I had none and had no

right or desire to get mixed up in any of his family affairs, all I could do was to leave him. As for Marie, I felt sure that she was too sensible to do herself any harm because of what she had learned of her family. Living away from them all her life, there were no intimate ties between them. I thought that her fearless, independent nature would prompt her to break even those ties and earn her own living in some way.

"Well, that was the last I ever saw of any of them. But Ruth had a letter from Marie saying that she wouldn't return to the "U." for a year or two and that in the meantime she was teaching music in her old Catholic school in Montreal. My cousin was very much surprised that Marie did not make any explanation of her change of plan, and I have never told her what I accidently learned. You are the only person I ever told. I guess you won't let it get past you.

"So that's how I got St. Joseph, and that's why I keep him." Morse knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Come," said he, "let's get at those reports."

THE REASON WHY

THE REASON WHY

I tell you, fellows, I can't play tomorrow. You know very well that I'm all out of training."

A small group of players, who had just come in from practice, were standing by the door of the armory which led in from the field.

"But, Ned," said Will Raymond, the captain of the 'Varsity, "Jed Kinney is laid up with a bad knee, and you are the only one who can fill his place. It's our big game, too."

"Can't help it," returned Ned Sirymer. "Haven't had on a suit since last fall, and would spoil the game. You know what a halfback without training is."

The coach came up at this point and said, "We

need you to help lick Wisconsin tomorrow. Come in for the honor of the college, old chap."

"Come out in your togs, anyway," said the captain, and Ned promised to do this.

As it was getting dusk, Sirymer passed out through the gate, and went over to "Buck's." A large gathering had assembled, as was customary before a large game, and he was the center of interest as he walked in.

"Give me a package of Bull," he said to the clerk.

"I say, Sirymer," remarked one of the bystanders, "Aren't you goin' to play tomorrow? We heard you were, but that tobacco seems to say not."

"Don't think so," answered Sirymer, as he pocketed the Durham. "Kinney is the man."

"But he is laid up," said another of the group.

Sirymer had started to go out of the door, but he turned around long enough to say, "Oh, he's all right."

He went down the avenue towards his boarding

house and thought the matter over. At supper he spoke to no one. When he left the room one of the boarders said, "Ned's sore at something, eh? Do any of you chaps know whether he is to play tomorrow?"

"Guess so," remarked another man, who was on the *Daily*. At least his name was on the line-up we got to-day."

"Great stuff," said the first speaker. "That makes us safe."

Sirymer went into his room and built a fire in the fireplace. After lighting it he sat down in an easy chair with a deep sigh of satisfaction. He pulled the sack of tobacco from his pocket and filled his briar.

"Well, here goes," he muttered to himself, as he struck a match and lit the pipe. "No game for me tomorrow."

He smoked for some time in silence as his mind ran over the games he had figured in so prominently the past three years.

"I've done my duty to the old college; so why

should I go in tomorrow?" So his mind ran. "Too much work, and the chances of getting hurt are too many. Look how old Samuels got laid out last Saturday. Suppose—"

Suddenly his face clouded. "Ah, that's it—am I afraid?"

He puffed on for several moments, and then, as though speaking to the fire, he said, "What would she say?"

At this he took a letter from his pocket and drew out the contents. The light from the fire fell across the page. He read it intently, and, when he came to the last few words, he paused—then he re-read them slowly:

"I wish you were playing again this year, Ned, because I know the team needs you. Will Harrison came out to see me yesterday, and he said that the team had not been the same since you left. Do go in the last game and help the team. It is for the honor of the college and—"

He looked musingly into the glowing coals. "Am I man enough to do that much for the team?

Should I let my petty dislike of getting hurt keep me from doing my duty?"

He buried his face in his hands. Then, "Could I claim her with the knowledge that I was a coward?"

At this he rose and put his pipe, which had gone out in the meantime, on the table.

"By George, I'll do it!" he exclaimed aloud.

* * * *

The stands and sidelines were filled with an excited crowd the next afternoon. Having cheered the band, the team, and everything in general, they were ready for the game.

Wisconsin was already on the field when Minnesota came running out of the armory. As the teams lined up it was noticed that Kinney was in his place at half, but that Sirymer stood on the side lines in his uniform.

The playing was fast and furious, but it was soon seen that Wisconsin was steadily gaining. They could not be stopped, and, after twenty

minutes of play, they crossed Minnesota's line. They failed to convert the touchdown into a goal, however.

The crowd was standing loyally by the team, and tried to urge it to greater efforts.

The Minnesota halves plunged into the line, only to be driven back. Barely six minutes of play were left. It was noticed that Kinney was having trouble with his knee again, and he was laid out nearly every time he went against the line. At last two of the players carried the plucky fellow to the side lines, although he pleaded to be retained.

"Sirymer," shouted the coach, and Ned jumped to his feet and threw off the blanket which had covered him. A great cheer went up as the crowd recognized him, and the customary "What's the matter with Sirymer?" rang out.

He ran out and took his place. The captain slapped him on the back, but said nothing.

The ball was given to him on the next play, and he made his distance. Then he immediately went

around left end for fifteen yards. The stands were mad with excitement.

Down went the procession towards the Badger goal. Nothing could withstand the furious onslaught of the Minnesota backs.

When they got within thirty yards of the Wisconsin line they were held for two downs.

Then Ned took the ball on a mass play against tackle. He plunged through and eluded the quarter. Then he dashed down the field with the two teams in full pursuit. Twenty yards more and the Wisconsin fullback opposed him. Just as they met, Ned's arm went out and sent him headlong. The line was but five yards away when he slipped and fell. By a great effort he managed to crawl across the line just as a frantic pursuer threw himself on him.

Pandemonium seemed to break loose, and the uproar lasted for several minutes. It increased, if such a thing was possible, when the goal was kicked.

After the kick-off the whistle blew before the

A BASEBALL WAGER

A BASEBALL WAGER

Dibbie was indulging in one of those little reveries that he usually indulged in when he was walking alone. But this reverie differed somewhat from the usual kind. His thoughts were not pleasant thoughts today. The cause of his trouble lay quietly in his pocket. He drew out and looked at it with a frown on his usually placid forehead. It was a letter addressed to himself, —Mr. Archie Dibbie, Care of the University of X—. He had just finished reading it at the college post-office a little while ago. Now he drew the letter from the envelope and glanced over it until he came to a certain passage, which he read over once more.

It ran thus: "Well, old man, I've made the team. My old stand, second base. I'm out every day now, and my stick work is gaining all the time. I knocked a home run on Hirschy, the league pitcher for Chicago, the other day. Yesterday I singled twice on him, and got a three-bagger. I wish you were here."

"Yes, and confound him, I wish he were here, and he would be if he had any patriotism for his state," said Dibbie to himself at this point. The letter ran on: "I'm looking forward to that game with you people the fourth of May. We are bound to have a strong team this year. How are you coming? Of course you've cinched a place. What a whirlwind you would be, if you could only bat well."

Dibbie thrust the letter back into his pocket without stopping to refold it. "How he does like to touch me up on my weak place," he thought angrily. "But he—he fields his position well, and O Lord, how that boy does bat!"

That afternoon at practice, he remarked to

Feldt, the star pitcher of the college nine: "I tell you, old man, you want to swing that arm of yours the fourth of May. I received a letter to-day from a friend of mine, who is attending college at Y——, and he says they are getting into good shape."

"Oh, I guess we can take care of them easily enough," replied Feldt, who was a senior, and had three scalps dangling at his belt in the way of games won from Y——.

"I don't know about that," said Dibbie, "I know one man you can't take care of, and that's the fellow I got the letter from. He is the best batter outside the leagues. I wanted him to come here this year, but he had his heart set on Y——. He said we never won any athletic contests in football, and he was going where they did."

"How about last fall?" asked Feldt, referring to the great game of the last season, when X—— had won from Y—— for the first time in five years by the close score of five to nothing.

"Well, that was an eye-opener for him," ad-

mitted Dibbie; and now what I'd like to see, would be a victory in base ball the fourth. But I warn you, Feldt, look out for Blake."

"All right, Freshie, we'll keep our eye on him," said the pitcher good naturedly.

"He knocked a home run on Hirschy, who pitches for Chicago this season."

"The deuce he did," cried Feldt, looking interested.

"I tell you he's a dinger," said Dibbie, walking away toward the field.

Harold Blake and Archie Dibbie had grown up together in the little country town where their parents lived. They had gone to school together, and graduated from the high school at the same time. Both had determined to go to college, and Dibbie, who had never thought of going to any other than the university of his own state, was amazed when Blake told him that he was going to Y——, the university of a neighboring state, and the old-time rival of X——.

He had expostulated with him angrily, and told him it was rank treason, but all to no avail.

"X—— is dead," said Blake; "she hasn't won a foot ball victory in five years from Y——."

"All the more reason why we should go up there and wake her up. And, Hal, just think how long we have played ball together, and now we" —he stopped, for he could not go on.

"Come with me, old man," said Blake.

"Never," cried Dibbie, and they separated.

Blake was known all over their home country as a wonderful batter, while Dibbie figured just as strongly as a fine fielder.

There had been a wonderful reaction at X—— the fall Dibbie had gone there. Athletic affairs were picking up. A new man had been hired to coach the football team, with the result that a great victory had been won from Y—— and Dibbie was jubilant. Blake had watched the game from sidelines.

"Just look out for your base ball record next

spring, though," he said to Dibbie as he took the train for Y—— after the game.

Dibbie realized now that the time had come when they must begin to look out if they did not want defeat. But as the weeks went by and the team slowly rounded into form, his hopes rose almost to the point of exultation. Feldt was getting better all the time.

A plan was slowly forming in Dibbie's mind. "If the boys are only all right in the morning of the game, I'll make Hal a proposition that will stagger him," he confided to himself. Meanwhile they were winning all the preliminary games with other schools, and word came to them that Y—— was administering defeat to all her opponents.

But all days come at last, and so one morning Dibbie opened his eyes to find that the eventful day had arrived. It is of no use to say that it was a fine day and beautiful and all that; no use to say that colors of both colleges were to be seen everywhere.

These things are part of the general program and happen as a matter of course.

Dibbie ate a leisurely breakfast and then took a street car for down town. He went straight to the hotel where the Y—— team were quartered. He found Blake in the lobby, looking happy and well satisfied with the world in general. The two young fellows shook hands enthusiastically and struck the word "How—?" at the same time, and then both laughed.

"Fine," said Hal, "and your fellows?"

"All in good shape," said Dibbie, "and we're going to win."

"So?" said Hal.

"Sure; and say, old man, I've got a proposition for you."

"Spiel it off," said Blake.

"It's this: If you win to-day, I go to Y—— next year; if we win, you come here to school."

Blake gasped, but he was game.

"Done," he said, "and meanwhile you had better familiarize yourself with our curriculum, so

you can pick your subjects out easily next year."

"Come over and I'll give you a copy of our rules and regulations," said Dibbie. "You're as good as an X—— man now."

"Let me teach you our yell," replied Blake. "It goes this way,"—

"Never mind that."

"Here is a copy of the football songs we sung at your funeral last fall."

"You needn't rub it in," said Blake, laughing, "for we'll do that this afternoon."

"We'll be there to see you do it," said Dibbie. "Come on now, and I'll show you some of the town."

The game was scheduled for three o'clock, but it was a half hour later before the teams quit practicing and came in ready for the contest.

X—— went to bat first, and was retired without a run. Y——came in and went out shortly, likewise. In the first part of the second inning Y——'s pitcher got a trifle wild, and little Davis, the short stop of X——, went to first on balls.

He stole second and was brought home on a two-bagger by Burns, the big first baseman. Dibbie came to bat and fanned out. Shorts, with a lucky single, brought Burns home.

"We got 'em going," the crowd yelled excitedly. But the next two men died at first and X—— went into the field.

The first man from Y—— fanned, and Blake stepped up to the plate.

Feldt knew him and gave him his best. Two strikes and one ball were called on him, but he was cool and collected. Feldt knew that he had a good batter to deal with. He gave him a twisting, dizzy drop. There was a thud, and the ball —a hot liner—went out into the left field. Before it could be sent back Blake was on second base. Dibbie from the right field was watching the whole proceeding. While he hated to see Y—— score, nevertheless he was pleased with Hal's work. Feldt was still in the air, when the next batter brought Blake home and landed at second himself. He stole third, and an error by Marshall,

the catcher, let him home. The score was tied. No more scores were made during the inning, and both sides proceeded to give each other a clear record up to the ninth inning.

It was the best game ever seen at X——. Sometimes a man would reach first, but try as he would, he could not get to second.

In the ninth inning, however, Burns got another two-base hit, and, amid a wild tumult of yelling, was brought home by a single from Kunze. X——was retired with nothing further, and the question was "Could Y—— be kept from scoring again?"

Blake was to bat again. On him Y—— pinned her faith. He had pounded the ball every time he had come to bat, but good fielding on the part of X—— had prevented any damage so far. Feldt was nervous when he stepped into the box. Many saw it and no one better than Blake. The first two men died at first, but Feldt was plainly going to pieces. The next man got a single and was followed by another that advanced him to second.

"First and second bases filled and Blake to bat," moaned Dibbie from his place in the field. By instinct he began to move towards the fence. Blake came up as before, self-possessed and cool. He glanced down into right field, where he could see his old school comrade gazing back. "I must make this over the fence," he told himself. "I had rather anyone were there but Dibbie."

The terrible shock came on the second throw, which Feldt sent over the plate. Blake caught it full and square on the end of his bat. It rose beautifully, and it was clear from the way it started that it was a long drive.

Feldt's hands dropped limply by his sides. The issue of that game had gone from his control, and rested upon "the Freshie." Dibbie was looking for this. He had expected it. He started for the fence, calculating as he ran. Not a sound could he hear from the infield. He knew that the two men had crossed the home plate with the winning run for Y—— unless—. All these things passed before his mind like a moving picture. It seemed

to him that the ball must go over the fence from the way it was coming. He was under it now, but the fence, it was right there in front of him. He was rising now to meet the ball. It touched his hand, he held it. He had leaped from the ground and caught it directly over the fence with his right hand. He fell against the fence, but held up the ball to the crowd.

He heard a howling, cheering noise, coming nearer and nearer to him, but when he unsteadily opened his eyes, it was Hal he saw before him, Hal's hand he clasped, and Hal who said, brokenly, "By George, old man, of all the catches I ever saw, that took the cake."

Dibbie was smiling through his happy tears. "Well, of all the blamed batting that ever happened, that was the worst. How you have improved! And, Hal?"

"Yes."

"You remember the wager?"

"I do."

"And?"

"I'll be here next year."

And then the crowd picked them up, put them on their shoulders, and carried them away. And as of old, they shared equally.

MRS. WEST AND SOME OTHERS

MRS. WEST AND SOME OTHERS

I met Mrs. West for the first time at a ball in the armory. She was there as a patroness, and I was presented by another of the patronesses, an elderly woman who had often spoken of her to me. Seeing what a young-looking woman she was, I thought it proper to ask her for a dance, feeling a sense of duty performed in sacrificing one of my hoarded numbers to a patroness. I only half expected to find that she would dance.

"Yes indeed, Mr. Green," she answered, "but let's not engage it in advance; come around some dance you have vacant, and I dare-say you'll find me here. I'm only a patroness, you know."

"Very well," I replied, ignoring the last insinuation, which somehow made me feel guilty, "but you musn't expect me to pursue that Fabian policy."

"Ah, the classical veneer!" she laughed, "Go on and fill up your program." And I hurried away on that errand.

When I found my way to Mrs. West later in the evening, I was glad to have her propose sitting out the dance. For I was tired. I suspected too that she probably couldn't two-step; but I have learned since that she is a wonderfully graceful dancer. I found myself conversing with a fairly stout woman of some five and thirty years. She was short, with wavy brown hair, a fair complexion, and sympathetic blue eyes. While her face was not beautiful, it was attractive and full of changing expression. Her marriage with Mr. West had been what the French call a "marriage of convenience;" so that her husband's death seven years before had left no lines of grief

in her face. Enough care there had been, however, to mellow it.

Mrs. West proved to be a clever and agreeable conversationalist—note the combination, by no means universal. I spent a very pleasant time with her, and thought I was very cleverly drawing her out. Retrospection shows me, however, that I myself did most of the talking, making my new acquaintance indeed the confidant of much of my personal history and not a little of my inmost self. I have noticed that it is often such a kindly environment as this that fosters into expression our latent and inarticulate ideas.

Although Mrs. West was very condescending to show such an interest in a college man, she did not allow me to feel anything of this. But I did feel surprised and very much flattered when she invited me to call on her; and in all my subsequent acquaintance, I have had a growing realization of my privilege in the friendship of a woman so much older, so much more experienced, and so much above me socially. I am not, how-

ever, the only young fellow in whom Mrs. West takes a kindly interest. She has a broad appreciation, and is able to overlook many things. She has the faculty of seeing through the superficial to the intrinsic. And this is half the secret of her charm. In explanation of her interest in me, she says she can forsee the gorgeous flower that will yet blossom from the green shoot.

"Why, I've kept you through two dances!" exclaimed Mrs. West, as the music struck up, "I wonder if I've got you into trouble."

"O no, not at all!" I responded cheerfully, rising nevertheless. The necessary explanation and the lasting indignation of a certain girl, albeit a pretty girl, has never made me regret losing that dance.

II.

After a wait long enough not to betray too great eagerness in accepting her invitation, I started out to call on Mrs. West, strongly re-

solved against being drawn into talking about myself. I had no difficulty in keeping this resolution. In fact, I was a little disappointed in not being given a chance to prove my metal. Mrs. West kept the conversation quite impersonal.

She was charmingly gowned, and received me in a room with a warm wood fire in the grate. There was a shaded lamp on the table in a corner; but the chief illumination was from the blazing log. A raw night out, this was very snug and cheerful; and I easily made a much longer call than I had intended.

In the course of our talk, Mrs. West was saying, "I walked over to the East Side across the Tenth avenue bridge." I could not help exclaiming, "Tenth avenue bridge—at night!"

"Yes," said Mrs. West, " do you never walk? It is one of my favorite pastimes, and the Tenth avenue is my favorite resort, especially at night. The view is so wonderful! There you get the romance of man's contact with nature. Kipling? I don't know any more moving sight than those

great unresting mills, with their dozen stories of blazing windows, lining both banks of the river. Then across the water run the huge stone arches of the railroad bridge, stealing off to the left into the utter darkness, like some beast of the jungle seen like a block of ink in the dim gray. Beyond that, a car gleams across the Central avenue bridge; while over your left shoulder, you hear the shriek of a locomotive as it gets through groping in the complicated dark of the yards and shoots off boldly into the outer darkness."

"And the water, Mrs. West."

"O, yes; the water," she went on, giving me a swift glance of approval; and a faraway look came into her eyes, "The deep, black water. How I pity the water! It seems so human, as it glides along under the searching glare of the electric lights, all churned to eddies by we know not what passion, and yet in the most awful silence, as if it held, locked up in its breast, mysteries too terrible to name. Then all of a sudden it passes into the

engulfing shadow of the bridge, like * * But I am getting fantastical."

"No, indeed, but really it is time for me to go."

III.

"So you are not walking over the Tenth avenue bridge today, Mrs. West," said I, meeting her in the Como car a few days after my call.

"Not today, Mr. Green; but don't think I have abandoned my old friend. I made him a visit just the other day with Mr. Carter."

"Ah," said I, recognizing the absurdity of my fancy that she had been in such a place alone at night.

"And whom should we find there, mooning away, but Roy Hart! You know Mr. Hart, don't you? No? Why, I must have you meet him. He is such a unique personality. Thank you," as I bought off the conductor with a dime.

"What is Mr. Hart like, Mrs. West?"

"Oh, delightful! He is one man unspotted from

the world. You understand I don't mean in the —vulgar sense. Being an artist, of course he's a Bohemian. But I mean he is a true artist. Don't you see? He isn't cynical. He isn't mercenary. He isn't selfish. He loves his music, in its spiritual side, above all else—And yet he isn't happy. For people don't understand him. I don't believe he has a single intimate friend in the way other people have, although he has any number of acquaintances with whom he is on an apparent basis of friendship. And this is because of a strange dualism of his nature. He has the social longing without the social instinct. He longs for a friend, I can see it, but doesn't know how to fraternize. He once told me, that, although he has often been reported as engaged to this or that girl, he had never, with any of them, really been able to get beyond a slight degree of intimacy. He isn't selfish, and yet he cannot bring himself to take an interest in the petty affairs of others. Of course with his musical fraternity he has the common ground of art enthusiasms. But that is

merely the material of a friendship, requiring the social instinct to make it into friendship. The peculiar thing about Roy is that, although an artist, he is not fraternal. He is a hopeless phenomenon—a man capable, I believe, of the highest kind of friendship, and yearning after it, and yet unable to find it. My comfort is that while there is life, there is hope.—Dear me, I almost passed my avenue!"

IV.

When I got home from college a day or two later, I found a note from Mrs. West inviting me to dinner on a certain evening.

The dinner was a little more formal than I had anticipated. Somehow I had expected that it was to be for my especial benefit, that it would include but a few guests, and that Mrs. West might not like my wearing evening dress. There proved to be a party of ten at a rather formal dinner.

Mr. Hart was seated opposite me; and I fear

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I somewhat neglected the ladies at my side to converse with him, trying to discover in him the ideal, but unhappy artist whom Mrs. West had described. I was rather unsuccessful in this attempt. I found Mr. Hart a very pleasant, cultured fellow. He was of good spirits, and his language sparkled, not so much with jokes, as with felicities. He seemed quite at home with the ladies, spoke in an almost flippant way of art, made many sophisticated remarks, referred to music as his business, and in every way seemed to me to contradict Mrs. West's account of him. He devoted himself assiduously to Miss Primrose, the girl whom the hostess had provided as his partner, and appeared quite intimate with her.

Mrs. West made an ideal hostess, and seemed to guide the function so as to bring about just the effect which she desired. This effect was, namely, that of a tempered levity that accorded well with the dinner itself, which, while not as substantial as a man would provide, was yet not so

ephemeral as the ordinary formal dinner. The general tone of the conversation was gay, of course; but there was an element of the substantial in it. Every idea did not have to be stated in a joking way. The serious side was dwelt on just long enough, but not too long. The conversation was cleverly shifted, now general and now breaking up into eddies.

After dinner, Mr. Hart singled me out, and we had a long talk over the cigars. He asked many questions about me and about college, and also answered inquiries of mine with regard to himself and the musical profession. He complained of the lack of interest in art betrayed in perfect honesty by the people of Minneapolis. And then we talked about friends whom we found to be mutual.

When I went up to Mrs. West to say goodnight, she asked me how I liked Mr. Hart. "O, very much indeed, but I can't make out the man you described to me."

"No, I didn't expect it," said Mrs. West,

"you're not an acute observer. But didn't you notice how eager he was to get acquainted with you? The old hope burned up again. He saw, in you, another chance for him to find a friend. But of course you thought he was taken with you. And then you're not old enough to see how all his gayety is assumed—not consciously, for he is very honest,—but unreal nevertheless. Well, you'll believe me in the end. Good night."

V.

"By the way, Mrs. West, I met Hart down town last night. He was in at Schiek's with some college men. It turned out that he used to go to the U. And you know, I'm beginning to see him the way you do. He told me half-jokingly how he used to starve at college for lack of the kind of fellows he knew down East. Somehow the atmosphere wasn't congenial."

"Nonsense, he's often told me how he used to starve down East for lack of a spiritual environ-

ment—he's not exactly reticent—how he would take long rambles in the country, and the fellows laughed at him for going alone. And yet," she continued judiciously, "there is a difference, and it's not much exaggerated. People here get indigestion from eating too fast; down home—I mean, East—they get it—from—I've heard some one say that you can read Browning in Minneapolis—but it isn't true. You can't read Browning in Minneapolis—unless you're obtrusively independent. And as for pictures, and symphonies and needlework—poor Roy! But for my part," she went on cheerfully, "I like it best out here, where there is running water—how ridiculous! —where things aren't at a standstill, and people can't trace their pedigrees back to William the Conqueror. I like people who do something. I do hope you'll do something, Mr. Green. Don't fool with cocktails and high hats—although I believe I would recommend conforming to society to the extent of a high hat, as soon as you are safe out of college. You might venture it at the

senior Prom. You would look very well in one, I think."

Mrs. West was a little put out by my laughter. "What are you laughing at, Mr. Green?" she demanded with some asperity.

"At myself in a high hat," was the result for my groping for a fiction.

"Why, I *am* absurd," insisted Mrs. West, too keen for me. "But don't you realize how rude it is of you to laugh at me?"

"But my explanation was unassailable."

"True," said Mrs. West.

VI.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Mrs. West, as the last strain died, and the bow left the string. But Hart demurred.

"Oh, Mrs. West, why will you insist on spoiling her? She doesn't play as well as she did a week ago. Besides she has no right to try the Preislied. It's presuming!"

"Well ,she plays it better than some virtuosos I've heard. She has the temperament."

"True, but that's why she ought to devote herself to technique. She can't play anything without that. Imagine the music of the spheres, when the planets had all they could do to not run amuck each other."

Mrs. West laughed; but not Miss Primrose.

She pouted charmingly—"Well, what can I do?"

"Leave cake alone. Preislied's cake. You haven't eaten your beans yet. And work. Heavens! You won't get anywhere if you try to get everywhere. Drop some of your society. Drop some of your women's clubs. Drop some of your Arab Sunday school classes. Or else drop your music."

"And now," said Mrs. West, "Mr. Hart will give us an exhibition of the results of hard work on technique. Play, Mr. Hart."

"Your grace commands."

Hart gave us something heavy—German and

intellectual. I chose the cake, and feasted my eyes on Miss Primrose. She looked more beautiful tonight than before at the dinner. She was fully enjoying the cozy evening in the music room. Hart's rebuke was only a passing shadow that threw another beauty on her and left her more calmly radiant. She is a tall girl of commanding presence. Not the statuesque, immobile beauty is hers, the cold, repellant kind. Or at least it is only so at times, at the command of her mood. Her eyes are the most noticeable feature, a dark brown that at times becomes golden. Her hair is black, and is worn according to the style obtaining. Her complexion is an unspotted olive. She is a child of moods, which it is well to watch with care. One must always be awake in her presence.

But what a cold, heartless picture this is. Listen rather to the sympathetic words warm from the lips of the inimitable Mrs. West; "Mary Primrose! The dearest girl in the world! What can be more fascinating than to be audience to her

moods? Sunshine and lightning, moonlight and lowering purple clouds, and all so beautiful. But woe unto him that gets in the way of her thunderbolts. And then to see the rainbow after the storm, the pity and gentle remorse in her eyes, and perchance another storm, of indignation at her own violence! And imagine the supreme beauty yet in store for him that brings love to her!"

VII.

I had been calling at Miss Primrose's. It was during the time of the war fever at college; we were organizing a company to volunteer in case of a second call; and I had decided to pledge myself as soon as I received permission from home. But I couldn't wait for that to tell Miss Primrose —or Mary, as I secretly thought of her, indulging myself. She, of course, would try to dissuade me, and it would be very hard to resist such appeals; but I had steeled myself to what I considered my

duty. I was a strong young fellow, without a wife, and as able as anyone to "come to the aid of my country," as I expressed it. I realized that it would mean dropping college, perhaps for good, and falling behind in the race for honor in life; and although I had not expressly formulated my feelings so definitely, I half admitted that it was rather hard to risk my life when I was just coming to the honey of love. All these considerations I resolutely thrust behind me, and set my eyes steadily on the star of duty; and I might reasonably expect to be sympathized with by Mary at least.

But I did not find the comfort I had anticipated. Somehow the Mary of my thoughts always became Miss Primrose when we met anywhere; and Miss Primrose could not, of course, give Mr. Green advice as to what he should do. She talked mildly of the horridness of fighting, and entirely ignored the bravery and unselfishness of my contemplated action.

I left soon; and started walking down town

with the hope of finding some of the fellows. Habit led me past Mrs. West's house; and although it was after nine o'clock I made up my mind to go in. "Why, I really ought to go in and see Mrs. West. It's been so long since I have been here. Perhaps I shall tell her about my purpose, too."

That was about the first thing I did do after confessing where I had been. Mrs. West did not fail me; in fact, she went farther than I had anticipated or desired. She not only disapproved of my going, but she laughed at me—of course, metaphorically—and seemed to doubt the sincerity of my motives. All this sting was not conveyed directly, but through the medium of some very cutting irony; and although in those days I was almost proof against sarcastic assaults, Mrs. West succeeded in making me rather uncomfortable. After a while, she came out from under cover of irony and preached at me in a straightforward way. "Do you know, Mr. Green, I sometimes think you would make a good actor, you are so

theatrical. But then I remember that it's an almost universal characteristic of young people. It begins when they are small children and construct their future career in their imagination. And it's most dangerous when they get to the age when they begin to be independent and do things. Here you are persuading yourself that you are called upon to make a sacrifice for your country. You're no more destined to be a soldier than you are to be a minister; and as for being a hero, you're melodramatic enough, but you would fall through eventually. But you've worked yourself up until you really believe you're a hero. It's just the way Mansfield gets to think he's really Dr. Jekyl or Mr. Hyde just as it happens. But it's dangerous in real life; you might just as easily imagine you are in love, and do no end of damage."

"But, Mrs. West," I interrupted jokingly, "perhaps that's just the point. I may be going to war to run away from danger."

And now for the first time I had the advantage.

I had attacked the woman in Mrs. West. It was evident she had been worrying about me.

"Well, that puts it in a different light. It may not be too late yet," she laughed nervously.

"To be honest though, Mrs. West, I can't allege that for an excuse. For if I were going to fall in love, it would certainly be a case of love at first sight." It troubled me a little that I had not discovered my love for Mary on our first meeting; but that did not necessarily indicate that the love hadn't been there, although undiscovered. "No, it's too late now," I said, half in joke.

Now Mrs. West regained her advantage. She did not notice the innuendo in my tone, so eager was she to demolish my false position. "Pshaw! I didn't think you were deceived by that fiction of love at first sight." And she went on lecturing me on my romantic notions.

When I left she had so far forgotten her fears of my falling in love that she very earnestly argued with me against enlisting.

The next day I got a letter from my father, in

which he very emphatically vetoed any idea of my going to war. On looking back, I can see that I was somewhat relieved by this shifting of responsibility.

VIII.

Mrs. West had been looking forward to Cyrano all winter. Mansfield is her favorite actor; and she was not an exception to the Cyrano craze, any more than to that other fad, disdainfully dubbed by the *New York Tribune* Omaritus. So, long before the arrival of this one treat of the theatrical season—for Mrs. West, though admiring Olga Nethersole, is not an admirer of the erotic—a good week ahead, I say, she had arranged our box party.

There were just five of us, Hart with Miss Primrose, Mrs. West and Mr. Carter and I. Much to the chagrin of our hostess, we arrived a little late, and we quietly slipped into our places as she pointed them out.

After the first act, the conversation was general. Carter was disappointed; but Mrs. West bade him wait. Hart was enthusiastic over Roxane; but Mrs. West pooh poohed. I don't know what Miss Primrose said, she certainly was very beautiful. I agreed with Mrs. West absentmindedly, when she turned to me for confirmation. For I was itching to get a chance of talking with Mary—as I loved to call her to myself. So I nursed my knee and stared through my opera glass at the people in the opposite box, without recognizing them, although I am told they bowed energetically. All I saw was a large woman with a very low-neck dress and some half-dozen girls with straw colored hair. Mrs. West looked at me hard.

Mr. Carter hardly waited for the curtain to fall on the second act, to make his way over to the box where the merry girls were. Hart turned to Mary, and I had to talk to Mrs. West. I never had found her uninteresting before, and she told

me afterwards that I had never before been really stupid.

"You'll certainly have to go over," said Mr. Carter after the third act, "they told me they must see you." And nodding yellow heads emphasized the command.

"O, what a nuisance!" said Hart, undecided.

"You'd better go," advised Mrs. West.

"Well, if I must." Here was my opportunity.

"Come here, Mr. Green," said Mary, and I went.

"And how do you like Roxane?" said she.

"I don't care for her," I answered.

"And pray, why not?"

"I like black hair myself"—

"O, Mr. Green," said Mrs. West, asking some question; and the conversation became general.

Mrs. West gave me no other chance until we had arrived at her house and were attacking a lunch she had prepared. Everyone had expressed his opinion but I. Mr. Carter and Mrs. West were engaged in an animated discussion of which

Hart was a silent auditor. Miss Primrose turned to me. "You haven't rendered your verdict yet," she said.

"I think he has failed somehow to do justice to a very beautiful play."

"A beautiful play indeed, but don't you think the sentiments are exaggerated?"

"I think the self control of a man playing second fiddle is exaggerated beyond nature."

"And the sentiments themselves—is such a love possible for a man?"

"Mary!" I exclaimed. All eyes were upon us. I overturned my coffee cup. It fell on the floor and broke.

"How very careless of you!" exclaimed Mrs. West, angrily.

"It must be getting very late," said Mary, blushing deeply; "I must get home, Mr. Hart."

"And you take the same car, don't you, Mr. Carter?" suggested Mrs. West.

"Yes, it is due at the corner in three minutes."

"That made a very good dramatic picture, did

it not, Mr. Green?" said Mrs. West when they were gone. "You have the theatrical instinct more deeply rooted than most people—O, I beg your pardon, dear Mr. Green, but I was so vexed. Don't you see Mr. Hart and Mary are to be married, and you *musn't* fall in love with her?"

IX.

I could not attend Hart's wedding, as I told him I had to leave town that morning on very important business. And indeed I did take the car for St. Paul at noon. There I stayed all the afternoon, but eight o'clock found me on the car for Minneapolis. At a quarter past nine, I was shown into Mrs. West's library, and sat down before the fire with a book in my hand. It was Tennyson, and I read with much sympathy that beautiful poem of Mariana in the South," brooding over the refrain:

"But 'Ave Mary,' made she moan,
And 'Ave Mary,' night and morn,

And 'Ah,' she sang, 'to be all alone,
To live forgotten and love forlorn.' "

This was a great comfort. Then closing the book, I laid it down, and gazed at the blazing log. I had kept awake much of the time several nights previously, and the warmth of the fire was irresistible. I must have been dozing.

"What a beautiful wedding!" exclaimed Mrs. West, throwing off her wraps.

"Yes, indeed. You said the—a—the—wedding."

"Didn't you come to hear about the wedding?"

"O, yes, Mrs. West, you see I really couldn't help it. I had to, even though it hurt me cruelly."

"Well, you ought to have gone to the wedding. It was certainly very beautiful. Music, color, ceremony—all combined in creating an impression of the happiness and solemnity of the occasion. While we were waiting for the wedding march, a troop of college girls, members of Mary's society, passed swiftly down to the front seats, in pretty gowns of blue and white and pink. They

were not laughing and talking, as was to be expected of such a company, but they seemed to feel an awe in the presence of this impressive performance. Soon afterward the Lohengrin wedding march was begun, and the wedding procession came slowly down the aisle. First came a tiny little girl with a large basket of flowers. She was very sober about it. Last came Mary with her father, and Roy with another man. Mary was subdued, all the haughtiness of her nature drooping under the beat of affection. On Roy's face was a smile of supreme happiness, in which, too, I thought I could distinguish a touch of triumph."

"You think he has found what he has been longing for?" I asked.

'I do," replied Mrs. West. "Now where was I at? How you have put me out! O yes, why, they reached the front, where, in a very brief ceremony, they were made man and wife. Then the procession marched away again. The Lohengrin march was slow, quiet, tentative, full of re-

strained impatience and expectancy; this march was eager, forte, triumphant, a bursting forth of joy and exultation. The march of the approach whispered a note of doubt; it crept toward the fateful moment. The march of the return trumpeted forth the consummation of the solemn compact; it danced and shouted for joy—But how heartless I am, Mr. Green! Forgive me."

"You are very kind, Mrs. West. But I must go home. Goodnight!"

I went away feeling that Mrs. West still considered me as acting a part, as being in love theatrically. And she may have been right. She probably said something like this to herself: "I wonder if I have made a mistake. I'm sure *I* have not. He's only twenty."